BEHIND SOVIET POLICY

by JOHN STUART

MARCH 12
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NEW MASSES

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STOP THE LYNCHERS!

Police, state troopers and the state guard, totalling some five hundred, invaded the Negro community of Columbia, Tenn., and opened fire with machine guns and carbines. Stores were wrecked and looted, 101 Negroes were arrested and scores beaten. Thirty-four are still in jail, their lives in danger. Two Negroes were killed by police and one wounded while they were being third-degreed. . . . Wire or write Governor Jim McCord in Nashville, Tenn., demanding an end to the terror and the release of the arrested Negroes. . . . Call on Attorney General Tom Clark to launch an immediate investigation of the violations of civil liberties. . . . Organize protest demonstrations.

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BETWEEN OURSELVES

A DEADLINE is a thing—creeping, insidious, on hand before one knows it. Monday it is merely a date in a letter hastily scanned; Friday it is a reality too late to catch up with. One week it is a notice read in a magazine; two weeks hence the time has slipped by. So this is a last reminder, and an incitement, we hope. If you have read NM's back covers recently, you will have noticed that, of necessity, our subscription rates have gone up one dollar per year; that after March 15, the magazine will cost six dollars annually (via mail) instead of five. The Ides are well upon us, and response to date has been fair. This is a last-minute admonition, coupled with a promise. If you renew your subscription, or if you decide to subscribe now, you may have, for the price mentioned on page 30, *The Street*, by Ann Petry, *The Great Conspiracy*, by Albert E. Kahn and Michael Sayers, or *The Truth About Unions*, by Leo Huberman. Look ahead—to page 30 for the ad, and to the next few years of an NM that you won't want to miss. Just for safety, we'll repeat sub prices—renew now, for any length of time you choose, at five dollars per year; subscribe now for one year at five dollars; two years at nine; three years for twelve.

IT's hard to imagine, having lived in the United States always, what it would be like to be driven from one's homeland. Novels, short stories and reportage have been written about it; many word pictures and emotional images have been aroused. Headlines and news stories from eyewitnesses have screamed it—but nothing short of experience could possibly bring it to anything like real consciousness. Egon Erwin Kisch and Andre Simone, both of them contributors to this magazine, have recently left their exile in Mexico City, and are on their way, with their wives, home to Czechoslovakia. For six years they have lived outside their country; have faced the problems of not only human beings, but writers, in exile. Simone plans to travel through various countries to gather material for a book on the New Europe. Kisch, who is well known in this country for his delightful *Sensation Fair*, and a foremost reporter, is on his way to his ancestral home in Prague. We say tritely, but we know you join with us, "Happy homegoings," and may there be many more of them, to a new, vital Europe.

THE Seventh Annual NEW MASSES Art Auction is just about on hand. And it looks good. Sale will be held Sunday, March 10, at 2 PM at the ACA Gallery, 61 E. 57th St., New York. More artists than usual are represented; the exhibit will be open from Monday, March 4, to Saturday, March 9. Pre-auction bids will be accepted during that time—and you are cordially invited to drop in and see what pleases you before it goes under the hammer.

WHO's Who: R. Palme Dutt is editor of the *British Labour Monthly*. . . . Alvah Bessie is the author of *Dwell in the Wilderness*, *Men in Battle*, and *Bread and a Stone*. He is now in Hollywood, writing for films. . . . Sanora Babb is a short story writer, also in Hollywood.

MISCELLANEOUS mail: From Deborah Sanatorium, established for tubercular patients, in Browns Hills, N. J., a letter signed by a librarian: "The sub to your magazine will indeed make many of our patients very happy. We hope you will convey our thanks to the person who made this gift possible, and also want you to know that we think your idea which makes such nice friends is a wonderful one." (The idea referred to is, that if you already subscribe to NM, you give a sub to a library. The magazine has had increasing reports of such lately, and would like more.) Please think it over.

LOOKING forward: A soon-to-come feature will be a series by A. B. Magil on Earl Browder and what he represents. These articles will discuss Browder's transformation into an enemy of the working class and an apologist for American imperialism. Next week's issue will contain an on-the-spot article on the Columbia, Tenn. terror by Robert Minor.

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TERROR, INC.

By THE EDITORS

COLUMBIA, TENN., and Philadelphia, Pa. Columbia, synonym for America. Philadelphia, city of brotherly love.

Some eight hundred miles separate the two cities, but in the last few days they have been joined by the hot flame of violence and terror. Negro blood has been spilled in Columbia. White blood has been spilled in Philadelphia. In both places the hands that have pulled the triggers, the hands that have wielded the clubs have been the hands of "the law." Poll-tax Democrats issued the orders in one place, rock-ribbed Republicans in the other.

This is America, 1946. This is America after the war that crumpled the power of fascism in Europe and Asia. This is the face of the beast in our own land.

Columbia is a town of 11,000, of whom 3,000 are Negro. On February 25 a Negro woman, Mrs. Gladys Stephenson, brought a radio to a white repair man, William Fleming. He struck or kicked her. Her war veteran son, James Stephenson, came to her defense, and pushed Fleming through a store window. The two Stephensons were arrested, but released on bail and brought for safety to Nashville, forty-two miles away.

An armed white mob went to the jail looking for them. The jail was only a block from the Negro district. Negro citizens prepared to defend themselves. Police, state troopers and the state guard, totaling some five hundred, invaded the Negro community and opened fire on the business district with machine-guns and carbines. Stores were wrecked and looted, 101 Negroes were arrested and scores beaten. Two whites were arrested, but were quickly released. Thirty-two of the Negroes were charged with attempted murder. On February 28 two of them were killed by police and a third wounded while they were being third-degreed.

Those are the bare details of the Columbia atrocity. Perhaps the town's name ought to be spelled L-i-d-i-c-e.

In Philadelphia the details differ, the victims' faces are white instead of black, but the terrorism bears the same swastika stamp. The story there is a familiar one —sickeningly familiar in American life—of striking electrical workers, some of them war veterans, being clubbed by police, of American men and women being ridden down by the charging horses of mounted bluecoats—all in the name of law and order.

What is law and order? Is it strikebreaking court injunctions and riot clubs? Is it the voice of GOP Governor Edward Martin saying he is ready to request federal troops? Or is it Morgan's General Electric, cartel pal of Nazi trusts?

What is law and order in Columbia? Is it murder and looting and frameup? Is it the voice of United States Attorney Horace Frierson saying: "There were no violations of civil rights?" Or is it the poll-tax despotism of Ku-Klux-minded big business men determined to "put the n——— in his place"?

COLUMBIA and Philadelphia thrust an X-ray into the system of so-called "free enterprise" and reveal it as actually a dictatorship of the trusts, a system of enrichment of the few and impoverishment of the many, existing by violence and fraud. It is the "ideals" of this monopoly capitalist system—the ideals of poll-tax democracy and strikebreaking freedom—which President Truman and Secretary of State Byrnes are trying to impose on the rest of the world. But there's one fact that cannot be blinked: *under a human system, under a socialist people's democracy such as exists in the Soviet Union the crimes of Columbia and Philadelphia—and the killings of Freeport, L. I.—could never be.*

There are those who would make Columbia and Philadelphia the pattern of all America. But it's harder than they think. When the armed white mob formed in Columbia, the Negro people prepared to defend their homes and their rights. And today they don't stand alone. Many white citizens, especially members of the CIO Mine, Mill and Smelter Workers Union, Amalgamated Clothing Workers and the AFL Operating Engineers, have sprung to their defense, as well as many Americans in other parts of the country.

The striking GE workers in Philadelphia likewise are refusing to be blackjacked into submission. And they too are being supported by thousands of other workers, veterans and middle-class people.

"We will remember in November," is one of the slogans of the Philadelphia GE strikers. Let us all prepare under labor's leadership to remember in November. Every American can speak and act against the efforts to beat down the living standards and strangle the liberties of us all. Wire or write Governor Jim McCord in Nashville, Tenn., demanding an end to the virtual martial law in Columbia and the release of all the arrested Negroes. Demand of Mayor Bernard Samuel of Philadelphia that he stop using his police as General Electric goons. Call on Attorney General Tom Clark at Washington to launch an immediate investigation of the violations of civil liberties in Columbia and Philadelphia.

Stop the killing and clubbing of Americans!

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WHAT NEXT FOR INDIA?

By R. PALME DUTT

London (by wireless).

PRESENT events in India are a warning signal. The whole of India is in open revolt against the continuation of British rule and the casualty lists indicate the seriousness of the situation —a situation calling for instant action.

In a famous speech during the First World War, Lloyd George once summed up allied effort at that point as "too little and too late." Will "too little and too late" prove the epitaph of British rule in India? It has been announced that a British cabinet mission of three ministers will go to India at the end of March—after the whole country is already ablaze, after the shadow of famine, many times greater than in 1943, stretches over the land, and after demonstrations of national revolt have not only united Hindus and Moslems in common fraternity but equally united civilians and the armed forces in a manner unprecedented in the modern history of British rule in India.

The strike of Indian naval ratings—which began as a protest against absolutely indefensible discrimination against them as compared with men in the Royal Navy—over pay conditions and demobilization plans is only part of a wider nationwide movement of revolt against British rule and the conditions it brought about. The Indian people are united in their demand for independence and solid in support of the naval ratings. Force and threats of more force, and wholesale arrests in Bombay and elsewhere, can only serve to inflame the situation, which is full of disastrous consequences for the future of our people.

What must be the feeling in the labor movement and the people of Britain that the government which they put in power last summer to end Tory reaction now is engaged in wholesale violent repression and the shooting down of the popular movement in Egypt, India, and Indonesia? The situation is more serious in view of the desperate food position, the cutting down of an already low cereal ration to twelve ounces daily and the prospect of a famine on the scale now declared to be comparable to the most terrific famine in modern times in India—that of 1900. The situation far exceeds that of 1943, which the government famine commission officially admitted to have caused 1,500,000 deaths. Even the minimum of imports recommended by the Food Grain Policy Committee of 1943 to meet normal deficits have not been fulfilled by the combined Food Board in Washington, on which India is not represented. It is further reported that the surplus rice stocks from Siam which could go a little way toward helping India is being demanded by the occupation authorities to feed Japan. The dilatory procedure of sending a cabinet mission at the end of March without even any definite new proposals does not meet the urgent requirements of the present critical situation.

There is not any evidence that the British cabinet mission brings any new policy other than the old terms already set out in the ill-fated Cripps offer four years ago—an offer rejected by every Indian political organization and nonetheless reaffirmed by the Viceroy and the British government last September. According to Premier Attlee, the mission will be required to act "within the terms laid down by the cabinet decisions." Lord Pethick-Lawrence explained to the House of Lords that "the announcement doesn't in any way alter the statement made by the Viceroy in September."

A decisive change will have to be made in policy if a settlement is to be reached. What is the prospect? Both the Indian Congress and the Moslem League leadership welcome the mission and expressed a readiness to negotiate in order to reach a settlement. A settlement can be reached. But it is necessary to be absolutely clear that there is no room for a settlement upon the basis of the old type of offer of a heavily shackled and controlled "self-government" while the substance of power remains in Britain's hands.

ANY settlement will need to: (1) Concede to the demand for Indian independence: that is, place the substance of power in the hands of the Indian people with future relations between Britain and India to be settled by negotiation between equals; (2) enable the Indian people to determine their own internal problems and forms of state constitution upon the only democratic basis: that is, by a constituent assembly elected by adult suffrage from all parts of India including territories of the Princes states; (3) upon this basis, provide for the immediate establishment of the widest possible representative provisional national government without prejudice to the future decisions of all constitutional questions by a democratically elected constituent assembly.

The solution of the problem of Pakistan, of a separate Moslem state, can be reached provided the principle of national self-determination is honestly followed.

Similarly it is essential in relation to the Princes that there be no attempt to maintain these as a continuing basis of concealed British power in India. The democratic settlement for India must extend to the whole of India. Will the cabinet mission work for settlement along these lines? It is here that the British labor movement and democratic opinion everywhere has the responsibility to make its wishes felt and effective. We do not want the cabinet mission to be only a prelude to final breakdown and conflict—a familiar type of whitewashing device to throw on the Indian leaders the responsibility for a breakdown and then proceed to endeavor to impose a dictated solution, embarking on a course of violent repression of the Indian national struggle.

We demand that the British government prevent the shedding of British and Indian blood in this unnecessary conflict and grant India independence. It should make an immediate declaration of Indian independence with the transference of power to representatives of the people. It is for the Indian people, for them alone, to determine through their democratically elected constituent assembly their wishes for the future constitution of free India.

At the same time, the government of India must be instructed to cease fire and stop using British troops against Indian naval forces and the civilian population so that against the background of a declaration of independence negotiations may be peacefully conducted for the immediate remedy of grievances without victimization.

The storm signals in India are clear for all to see. The Indian people want freedom and they mean to have their freedom.

There is no time to lose.

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AN AMERICAN IN INDIA

By JANE WILLIAMS

MAY, 1945 . . . red, purple sunset . . . the troopship U.S.S. ——— glided into the green, muddy waters of the Hoogli River, gateway to the second largest city in the British Empire — Calcutta, India — and then stopped silent, waiting for the harbor pilot to board. What would India be like? I had read about India; 400,000,000 colonial people representing nearly one-fifth of the human race and nine-tenths of the colonial population of the British Empire. I recalled Churchill's words: "that most truly bright and precious jewel in the Crown of the King, which more than all our other Dominions and Dependencies constitutes the glory and strength of the British Empire."

It was midnight when the boat of the harbor pilot approached, and the scene was a miniature picture of the India I was to find later. Seated at one end of the rowboat was the harbor pilot, dressed in a dazzling white uniform with white shoes and white knee socks. He sat stiffly and arrogantly on a white pillow. In front and on each side of the motionless pilot, five Indians pulled at oars, their faces and dark uniforms blotted into the night. Not until the boat reached the side of our ship could we see them. The crisp, angry British voice of the pilot cracked out over the oarsmen's delay in grabbing hold of the ship's ladder. The Indians worked silently. After twenty minutes the pilot was hoisted aboard.

At 5 P.M. we disembarked. Our luggage was carried off by a gang of dock workers, stunted, emaciated, each hauling almost four hundred pounds, while they themselves hardly weighed ninety.

CALCUTTA, a large commercial center, is thick with people. There are brown-skinned Indians dressed in dhoti and sari, dark-skinned Anglo-Indians, uniformed GI's and British troops and civilians. The atmosphere is one of tension and latent hostility. Rickshaws, horse-drawn four-seated carriages, loud-honking taxis and thickly-packed overflowing trams add to the atmosphere of big-city bustle. Indian coolies sit on the curbs and sidewalks competing for space with vendors and their wares. Beggars, ranging in age from two years to aged, wizened, emaciated creatures, dog one's footsteps pleading insistently, "Bakshish" —gift. Children follow you for blocks, mumbling or screaming for coins or food. Women with half-dead-looking infants in their arms point to their children and stare dully—waiting for you to relent. At night Calcutta sidewalks are lined with ragged, sleeping bodies, for whom the streets are their only home. It is only the more fortunate worker who lives in a straw-roofed, mud-packed hut with ten and more persons in one bare, dark, dirty room, sharing one privy and one water tap.

This is life under British colonial rule. The scenes are the same everywhere—homeless, wandering beggars; gruesome, diseased bodies; hungry, hollow eyes; stagnant medieval patterns of life. In a tea plantation in Assam doll-sized, shrunken women sit around a mound of tea leaves, cleaning and grading each leaf by hand, ten hours a day for the sum of ten cents; their children, six and eight years old, pick tea leaves under a burning sun. In a flour mill in southern India grain is cleaned by hand with two women each holding one end of a large metal strainer while they rock back and forth. Disease and filth are everywhere. A roadside pool of putrid water is used for all purposes—drinking, laundry, body washing. I shall never forget the landless peasant in an isolated village in Mysore who, seeing my look of astonishment when I saw his home, a dog-house sized hut of mud and bits of tattered rags, said: "Yes, memsahib, that is where we all live. What can we do? We have only God to look to." The silent oarsmen and the biting orders of the British harbor pilot; the pavement-sleeping, chronically starved Bombay worker and the air-conditioned ostentatious wealth of the Taj Mahal hotel, frequented by Englishmen and Americans; the landless peasant of Mysore and the gleaming brilliance of the fairy-tale palace of the Maharaja of Mysore; everywhere the same cruel contrasts of the oppressed millions and the imperial masters.

The India I came to had already been in the war for over four years. It's hard for an American to understand the ghastly poverty, the enervation which lie like a fog over the Indian people. I began to understand when I met Desip, a book-stall clerk and follower of the Indian National Congress. I had spent the morning searching among the bookstalls. There was nothing available but dull volumes and British apologetics. I tried to give the book dealer an idea of what I wanted even though I knew that the sale of all Indian National Congress publications were banned and the book dealer, if he had any, would hesitate to show an American such material. Desip, standing nearby, spoke up. "I don't think you'll get what you want here." We started to talk.

Desip was like others I was to meet in India. He hated the British—a hatred that had increased with every event since the outbreak of World War II. His brother, a Congress leader, had been in jail for two years—"and this," he said cynically, "in the name of England's war for freedom." Desip saw no other path for India except to fight the English. He said that there had been nothing but repression, limitless profiteering condoned by the British puppet government, and nationwide famine for his people. When we talked about Congress policy I tried to point out its errors. Congress leadership had seen only two roads: the first, to plead naively with the British gentlemen to bring justice to India, which was doomed to failure; the second, to adopt the static, infantile, and contradictory program of "non-cooperation" with a war which they and the world had recognized as a struggle for freedom.

The Indian workers I met most frequently were those in army posts. They generally said nothing to Westerners but "salaam" (greetings) and "bakshish," until they were spoken to. Their communication with Americans and Englishmen was almost wholly limited to receiving orders or answering questions. Social patterns ingrained by centuries of illiteracy and oppression prohibits the worker from approaching freely and spontaneously. However, when one does succeed in reaching the Indian as a fellow man, one meets warmth, generosity and hospitality.

IT WAS the night of the Puja festival. I was in a little rural town in the northeast corner of India. Three of us decided to attend the celebration. When we arrived the village priest was performing his rites. A few benches were occupied but the majority of the Indians were standing. As soon as we ap-

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proached, bench seats were vacated for us. A slim, scholarly-looking youth who spoke English came over to explain what was happening. When the time for fun came—music, dancing and eating—we suddenly became aware of a heated discussion. It was obvious that it concerned us, although none of us knew the language. However, facial expressions told us a great deal, and we guessed, as our English-speaking friend informed us later, that our hosts were in disagreement as to whether they should offer us any of their food. They knew Americans were not permitted to eat Indian food—a precaution against dysentery—and though they were anxious to share it with us, the wiser and more tactful did not wish to embarrass us and themselves by our probable refusal. We were about to slide away to avoid the embarrassment when the argument ended. Three coconuts, unopened, were brought to us . . . and no food.

It was in Bombay at a press conference given by Nehru that I had the opportunity to learn something else. I had come anticipating clear thinking from the man who in the last decade has represented to the world the Indian people's fight for freedom and their solidarity with world democratic forces. I heard instead evasion and obscurantism. However, at the conference was another voice of India, the voice of the *People's War*, the Indian Communist Party newspaper. Mohan Kumaramangarra, columnist of the *People's War*, had come to urge Nehru to speak out against the dangerous abyss of civil war which threatened to engulf India. Nehru was brief and evasive.

In the evening I met Mohan again. We sat on a hard matted bamboo cot in the Communist Party building—a wooden, ramshackle structure buzzing with activity. Mohan spoke and I quote him from memory, "After the August 8 resolution, Congress leaders and thousands of others were thrown into jail. There was only our Party to fight for a positive people's war program which relied not on the imperialists but on the Indian people. We demanded increased production, industrialization, price control. We urged Congress-Moslem League unity against British imperialism, showing how the policy of each bargaining separately had allowed Britain to maintain power. The Moslem League has become a mass patriotic organization and if unity is to be won, Congress must recognize the demand of the Moslems for separate statehood as their democratic right to national self-determination.

"But our Party was small and forces against us were many. Congress Socialists fostered sabotage of all war efforts. They slanderously accused us of having sold out Indian freedom to London and Moscow. Under the corrupt puppet Indian government, profiteering ran riot, further demoralizing the people and leaving many of them receptive to pro-Japanese lies. We alone continued to serve our people as best we could and the people increasingly joined us.

"But you have listened to Nehru and you know that our national life is still dark. Today Congress leaders are free. Instead of critically reevaluating the events of the past three years, they have gone overboard to defend both noncooperation and the sabotage falsely carried out in the name of August 8. But a scapegoat must be found on which to pin the undeniable failure of these policies and so they attribute this failure not to their own errors but to Communist Party and Moslem League opposition to these policies. Thus, the Bombay All-India Congress in November 1945 called for a battle against the League and the Communists now, and preparation for battle against the British if the need arises. In this way they had the enthusiastic support of the imperialists and the profiteers.

"As Marxists we must understand this change in the character and role of the Congress leadership not merely as whim and error, but as a reflection of the sharpening of class forces—the historical retrogression of the bourgeois nationalist when faced with mass awakening of peasant and worker. During the war the memberships of the Communist Party and of the organizations led by our party, the peasant unions, the trade unions, the student federation, increased many times. Today, in order to divert this independent upsurge, the Congress leaders are setting

(*Continued on page* 21)

Woodcut by Theodore Fuchs.

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WHAT IS FREEDOM FOR WRITERS?

By ALVAH BESSIE

Alvah Bessie, novelist, a veteran of the Abraham Lincoln Brigade, currently working in Hollywood, and Sanora Babb, a writer living in Hollywood, are authors of the articles below, on the issues that have arisen since the publication of the article by Albert Maltz several weeks ago. Following these are some typical letters from our readers.

ALBERT MALTZ's recent article (NM, February 12) would not have been half so astonishing had it appeared in *The Saturday Review of Literature*, a publication that is forced by its very nature as an organ of bourgeois thought to perpetuate the utterly baseless categories Maltz resurrects in his article.

Let us first examine his overlying thesis, a cliche with which anyone can readily agree: that left-wing criticism in America for too long a time tended to be narrow, doctrinaire and paralyzing in its effects on both writers and critics. As a former critic for NM who suffered acutely under its then sectarian approach to books, plays and motion pictures, I can utter a fervent Amen to Maltz's attack.

At the same time it is possible to contend that Maltz is beating a dying horse, for there is more than ample evidence that the Left has been building—slowly and painfully as needs must be—a sounder Marxist approach to the arts. (The sounder the party of Marxism becomes, the sounder will be its approach to the arts, as well as its approach to the people.)

What is more important, however, is the fact that the approach Maltz castigates, narrow as it was, was *never* erected into a principle. We have had good Marxists who were bad critics and vice versa (and we still have both), but I cannot remember anyone ever insisting, in the name of Marxism, that art works of any category were automatically to be praised because they said the "right" thing or damned because they said the "wrong"—irrespective of their other attributes.

What is so astonishing about Maltz's article, however, after he has disposed of this moth-eaten straw man, is the fact that his basic contentions are not only un-Marxist, but actually anti-Marxist. Perhaps I do Maltz a disservice in thus associating him with Marxism, for he nowhere identifies himself in his article as anything more than "a working writer," whatever that may be. He nowhere states his frame of reference or identifies the point of departure from which he launches what is, objectively, not only an attack on Marxism but a defense of practically every renegade writer of recent years who ever flirted with the working class movement: Farrell, Wright, Fearing. (And why not John Dos Passos?)

The un-Marxist character of Maltz's approach is revealed in the almost endless series of idealist categories into which he divides writers and writing: "artistic activity" and "journalism"; the "social novelist," the "political novelist" and perhaps, by extension, the "working" novelist; the writer "*qua* artist"; the writer "*qua* citizen"; works written for an "immediate political end" and works written, presumably, for eternity.

I think a Marxist would contend that these categories are idealist, unreal and basically reactionary. I think a Marxist would contend that when Steinbeck wrote *The Grapes of Wrath* he was at least under the influence of working class ideas—*and people;* that these served him as powerful inspiration, gave him a certain clarity and offered him a springboard into a work that served both "an immediate political end" and the questionable standards of "eternity."

Now it is common knowledge that not only Steinbeck but also Farrell, Wright, Fearing and Dos Passos have consciously repudiated the working class movement; all have found a place, or hope to find a place, in the very bosom of a class they once affected to despise. And the contention could be supported with every kind of evidence that not one of them has written anything since that repudiation that is worth reading—either "artistically" or "politically." (And I include in this *Black Boy*, which, whatever the obvious distortions of *Native Son*, cannot hold a candle to that work, in either depth of conception, scope or penetration.) This is not a question of "literary taste"—nor do I understand what Maltz is talking about when he opposes literary taste to "an immediate political utility." Did *Grapes of Wrath* possess both immediate political utility and literary taste? Or didn't it? Did *The Silent Don?* Or even *The Cross and the Arrow?*

BUT the attempt to perpetuate these idealist categories (a daily phenomenon in the literary columns of the New York *Times*) leads Maltz to dangerous conclusions: that an "artist" is a self-contained phenomenon whose "art" bears no "inevitable, consistent connection" with what the artist thinks or believes. An artist may be "confused, or even stupid and reactionary in his thinking" and still do "good, even great work" as an artist.

This sort of thinking is a product of the bourgeois concept that regards artists as sacred idiots who should be protected from popular anger even when they are fascist traitors (Ezra Pound) —but Maltz himself told us (NM, Dec. 25, 1945) that Pound "is more guilty *because* he is a poet." And yet he echoes the concept that says, "You don't have to have any brains" to be an actor, a writer, dancer, painter, composer; all you have to have is talent—whatever the hell that is—and you should be "free" to create without it being "incumbent upon [you] that [you] relate [your] broad philosophic or emotional humanism to a current and transient political tactic."

Maltz quotes us Engels on Balzac, who was a great writer and a "reactionary" at the same time. Well, what about Balzac? He was a monarchist at a time when the rising bourgeoisie of France was the historically progressive class; that made him a reactionary, for his time. He loathed, hated and despised the power of money *and* the corruption of his own beloved aristocracy, whom he castigated more bitterly than the shopkeepers, merchants and bankers themselves. That makes him for us (and for Engels) a progressive. What is more, to quote Engels' famous letter to Miss Harkness: "And the only men of whom he speaks with undisguised admiration are his bitterest political antagonists, the republican heroes of the Cloitre Saint-Merri, the men who at that time (1830-1836) were indeed the representatives of the popular masses."

If this is true then it is not enough to catalog Balzac as a reactionary and thus "prove" that it is possible to be a reactionary and a great writer at the

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same time, Q.E.D. To do so is to remove Balzac from his historical context and to isolate the word reactionary as though it were a constant, equally applicable to all times, places and persons. For it has frequently happened that what was progressive yesterday is reactionary today and vice versa.

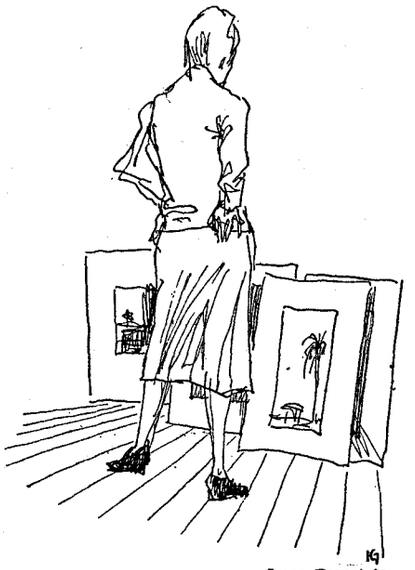
Balzac was a monarchist in a period when the modern industrial proletariat was practically nonexistent. Can Maltz cite us a monarchist writer today who could at the same time be a "great" writer? Today's ultra-reactionaries are fascists. The proletariat rules a country covering one-sixth the land surface of the globe. Can Maltz cite us a fascist writer who is "great"? Will he contend that it is even possible for a fascist to write a great novel when the mere fact of being a fascist premises an attitude toward human beings that makes it categorically impossible for a person to see or write the truth about anything?

No one will deny the possibility of a writer coming out of the mountains of Wyoming, never having heard of Karl Marx in his entire life, and still writing a book that will be great—because he has profoundly observed, deeply felt and honestly and felicitously set down what he has seen. But if it is true that Marxist historical materialism can equip the writer with an insight into human relations that is more valid than that provided by any other philosophy of life, then it *can* be denied that a writer, having once accepted that philosophy and then repudiated it (talent being equal), will thereafter write anything possessing the validity of the work he wrote under the influence of that philosophy.

I AM *not* saying here that a bad writer automatically becomes a good one when he becomes a Communist; nor am I saying that a writer who is not a Communist is necessarily a bad writer. But I am saying that there is a correlation between the quality of a writer's work and his grasp of human history. And I am proceeding from the assumption that a sound understanding of Marxist theory and practice will provide a writer with a sounder grasp of human history—which is human character.

What Maltz actually seems to be saying when he defends such pipsqueak talents as Farrell, Fearing and Blankfort is that the trouble with them is not that they are minor writers who never developed but that Marxism itself, applied as a critique to their work at the time they fondly imagined themselves of the Left, stunted their development. They failed because we failed to appreciate them, nourish them, praise them, tolerate their peculiar political, social and personal vagaries!

The facts simply will not support such a contention. Not one of them was ever a major talent to begin with—and neither was Dos Passos. But it *is* a fact that when they were on the periphery of the Left, when they themselves—for the moment—placed their work at the service of the working class, they wrote better than they ever wrote before or



Irene Bernstein.

have ever written since. And the same is true of Clifford Odets—the only real talent of them all—who, since he became separated from the people he knew best, loved best and whose interests he attempted to defend (as an artist *and* as a man), *has* "gone downhill" —both as an artist and as a man. For the artist and the man are inseparable, and there *is* "a commanding relationship between the way an artist votes and any particular work he writes." It may not be immediately evident in "any particular work" but it *is* evident in the totality of his work, and Maltz himself is an example of this relationship.

Maltz springs of the middle class, yet in the depression he first made an identification with the working class and he has maintained that identification.

The stories he wrote in the thirties are instinct with a true—if scarcely profound—understanding of the people who suffered most during that crisis. In *The Underground Stream* Maltz wrote a poor novel. It is not, however, a poor novel because it possessed immediate political expediency—in frankly asking sympathy and understanding for the auto workers and their Communist leader. It was a poor novel simply because Maltz did not profoundly understand either the Communist leader, his party, the workers he was trying to lead or their antagonists. So the characters became well-intentioned stereotypes (the workers), and the fascist became a rubber stamp.

The Cross and the Arrow has many of the faults of *The Underground Stream*, in its earnest and uninspired attempt to understand and project people with whom its author is really unfamiliar. And while it deals with one of the crucial issues of our time (political expediency) its faults do not stem from the fact that its author is deeply concerned with the nature and the fate of the German people. Its faults spring from an imperfect (a synthetic and researched) examination of the German people under Hitler. And its virtues—which are far greater than any Maltz displayed in his earlier work—spring from the growing maturity of the writer, both as a man, a novelist and a student of politics. This is a contradiction which is the essence of the truth about Maltz.

FOR there *are* no constants—in the individual or in society. We cannot say, "This is a social novel," "This is a political novel," this is "art" and this is "journalism." (Paine was a journalist—and he was an artist. Ehrenbourg is an artist—and he is a journalist. So is Aragon.) Should "a new headline in the newspapers" cause a writer to rewrite a novel? No—if it is a headline and nothing more. Yes—if the "headline" involves a fundamental reorientation of human history. So far as the American Communist movement is concerned, the Duclos letter was not a headline. Neither was it a strategy or "a current and transient political tactic," to which a Communist writer must willy-nilly "relate his broad philosophic or emotional humanism."

For if we should accept Maltz's contention that all we need ask of writers is that they work "deeply, truly, honestly recreating a sector of human experience" within "the great humanistic tradition of culture" (whatever that may be), then surely there is no need for a Communist Party so far as writers are concerned, and certainly there is no need for them to join it, for it would only cramp their style. By the same token, there is no need for the Party or even for a trade union, so far as workers are concerned, if we only ask them to behave themselves, keep their noses

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clean, live deeply, truly and honestly—and if they will only do so.

I do not mean to vulgarize Albert Maltz's approach to this complicated problem or offer ready-made solutions for it. But this is what he seems to be asking for in his article—"freedom" for the artist to "create" irrespective of party or working-class needs, aspirations and criticism. "Let them leave us alone," he seems to say, "to work deeply, truly and honestly, and we will be on their side, and we will automatically write the truth." This is nonsense, but it follows inevitably from the separations Maltz makes between the artist *qua* artist and the artist *qua* citizen.

No. We need more than "free" artists. We need *Party* artists. We need artists deeply, truly and honestly rooted in the working class who realize the truth of Lenin's assertion that the absolute freedom they seek "is nothing but a bourgeois or anarchist phrase (for ideologically an anarchist is just a bourgeois turned inside out). It is impossible to live in a society and yet be free from it. The freedom of the bourgeois writer, artist, or actress is nothing but a self-deceptive (or hypocritically deceiving) dependence upon the money bags, upon bribery, upon patronage." Lenin wrote these words in 1905 and they still touch the very heart of the liberal dilemma.

We need writers who will joyfully impose upon themselves the discipline of understanding and acting upon working-class theory, and *they* are the writers who will possess the potentialities of creating a truly free literature.

"This literature will be free," said Lenin, "because rather than careerism and pecuniary motives it will be the socialist cause and sympathy with the workers that will draw ever new forces into its ranks. This literature will be free because it will serve not the overfed heroine, not the overweight and bored 'upper ten thousand,' but the millions and tens of millions of workers who are the flower of the country, its strength, its future."

This is what we shall ask of writers. And in time we will get it.

ANOTHER VIEWPOINT

By SANORA BABB

Is this controversy on the level of Maltz's intention? The Maltz piece and "Background to Error" by Isidor Schneider (NM, February 12) are inseparable evaluations of the same subject; if Maltz failed to include the vital points of Schneider's conclusions, it is certainly not because he is unaware of them. I was pleased to read in Schneider's piece not a "reply" but an addition; not an attack, but a development. This seems to me the spirit in which Maltz wrote and the spirit in which such questions should be discussed. My disappointment, and I hope I am wrong, is in the quiet conclusiveness of Schneider's piece. There are profound and searching things still to be said. It is my hope that the subject has just been opened for exploration.

Here was a statement of condition and problems I have heard over a period of years from many writers, *and* readers, who look to Left literary criticism for guidance and enlightenment with sincere respect. Here is a challenge to richer thinking, which would more nearly approximate the classic springs from which it flows. From this there will come agreement, disagreement, but most of all an exchange of thought and analysis which will stimulate writers and critics and further develop the literary criticism of the Left and, in turn, literary criticism in general.

There is no denying that the influence of the Left, on the whole of American writing and criticism—and life—none of which can be separated, far outreaches its minority voice. This is true precisely because it is in the main stream of history, is on the side of human progress. Although it would be foolish to think there are no errors and limitations, it is expected that here less than any place else will be found a tolerance of these faults. Here, there is no room for smugness, that dangerous, unthinking self-satisfaction which causes one to sit in the same place for a long time and then get up and walk backward with considerable speed. This condition is to be seen easily on the other side of the class fence. It must be noted as quickly and clearly on the Left side, even though many problems and pressures take up the immediate time of everyone concerned. (It is all right to explain the reasons, but it is not all right to make excuses.)

I like Albert Maltz's piece because it puts forward some very real criticism which must be—*not answered*—but explored. The very fact that a writer of Maltz's history and integrity is bothered by these questions is important; it becomes still more important when it is known that he speaks for many others, who perhaps have not given it the thoughtful concern of formulation. It required pride in his allegiance, sincere interest in his usefulness as an artist, deep concern for the progress of the Left, and the courage to speak. I am impatient with the irresponsible name-calling and careless labeling I have heard and read since this piece appeared. This is a sad revelation of the poverty of thought which leads to an inability or reluctance really to consider what Maltz wrote. I don't believe for one moment that Maltz's piece "shows dangerous trends," or that he is a "renegade," or that he is "too much concerned with writing"! (Why not? The printed word carries weight: a serious approach to his work reveals a sense of responsibility; a progressive writer is concerned with a world view. Maltz nowhere advocates preciousness or isolation, just the opposite!) He admits the good, tackles the faults and attempts to *begin* an analysis which will result in improvement.

Added to other quick judgments is one that "Maltz must have gone Hollywood." This is not in the nature of a personal defense—Maltz needs none. His ideas were not expressed on that level.

But, just for the record, this glib and utterly untrue conclusion belongs in the category of the ones mentioned above, which only reveal that very little thought has been given to the ideas expressed in both the Maltz and Schneider pieces, which complement each other, and I hope will serve as a basis for further dignified discussion.

Better writing will doubtless result in better criticism, but such a discussion can be stimulating and beneficial to both writers and readers, and give to the creative field the same breadth of vision that is true of the political. Something is lacking or these two points of view would be so well integrated that the narrow clumsiness of the one would not exist.

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READERS' FORUM

More on the Literary Left

TO NEW MASSES: As I understand it, Marxists believe literature must be judged in terms of its broad contribution to an understanding of objective truth in social relations and its contribution to historical human progress, not in terms of whether a given piece of writing highlights the immediate political tactics of the class struggle.

It would follow that a writer who is equipped with a thorough understanding of scientific Marxism, which is the only guide to an objective understanding of social history, will succeed more nearly in presenting objective truth in his writing. However, it is also quite possible (as, I believe, Mr. Sillen admits) that a sensitive writer who is accurately portraying the problems, confusions, hopes, etc., of the people in the given period about which he writes can present an accurate picture of the historical truths of that period, despite weaknesses in that writer's political understanding. The examples of Balzac and Tolstoy were well chosen to indicate this.

Another possible example is T. S. Eliot, who in his poems depicted accurately the vacuity, barrenness and despair of bourgeois society, even though Eliot himself became an ex-patriate, a Royalist in politics and an Anglo-Catholic in theology. The point here is that Eliot gave a brilliant illumination to one *segment* of society, and that his understanding of that segment conformed to the historical truth of the "wasteland" of bourgeois society in the postwar period.

I think one of the confusing aspects of this whole controversy has been the failure to distinguish (in Sillen and Gold's criticism) between the problems facing a writer (Maltz's approach) and the responsibility of a Marxist literary critic. Where a writer can legitimately present only one segment of the social fabric in his piece of work, certainly the critic in evaluating the piece will relate it to the whole setting and struggles: i.e., evaluate the work—the artist as writer and as citizen and the relation of the work to the long-range struggle of mankind to achieve new and higher forms of society.

New York. S. L.

TO NEW MASSES: It is too simple to call Albert Maltz a "man in retreat to the ivory tower." What a tragedy that a man like Samuel Sillen, who has been looked to for so many years for guidance and penetrating understanding, can still see things only in black and white, yes or no, social-conscious or ivory towerist.

The truth is that American writing in the last generation has missed the boat. There is a reason for this. To suggest that a change of approach be made to a particular art medium does not necessarily imply an overthrow of the basic truths of our society. Capitalism spawns its image on every aspect of life in this land. Its form is everywhere, in different shapes, shades and significances. Shall we dictate that all writers must view the reality of life only at one specified focus, represent the truths of our time on only one level?

As I understand it, Maltz is calling for an important and needed rededication. Let us be truthful to the life we know. Let us speak of the things we have felt. Not all men must toss off the reins of their years and search for the climax of "class consciousness." He says that our writers have for too long spoken out of the sides of their mouths, that for too long they have worn plaid shirts in their novels while in life and youth they only knew the greyed white one.

Do Sillen and Mike Gold fear that the opening up of the windows of our mind, our feeling and perception will introduce some strange, not-to-be-defeated anarchy? Is it not the imperative need of our day to redefine, and aggressively asert the *dynamic* truth of our understanding?

EUGENE FELDMAN.

New York.

TO NEW MASSES: Despite the fact that the left wing has had its share of narrow literary criticism, only a writer, clinging to the bourgeois concept that art has a "special wisdom," a cultural humanist tradition that must be shielded from the insistent one-sided demands of class struggle, could be guilty of sentimentally ascribing his pangs of conscience to the intellectual *atmosphere* of the left wing.

Haven't we had enough novels and autobiographies wherein the middle-class hero, usually an artist or journalist, sweats and shivers at the prospect of being forced into the whirlpools of working class struggle? Isn't this gingerly, begrudging approach to politics a perennial theme of these writers who feel a humanitarian "concern for their fellow man," who are charitably "aware of the social crisis"?

Albert Maltz should blush to repeat almost word for word the tortured, unhappy subjectivism of Betsy and Princey in his novel *The Underground Stream* (published in 1940), wherein they see the Communist Party as a "cannibal, eating up sincere comrades," wherein they fear "the perpetual crisis psychology" of the labor movement.

Why is it that, after two dreadful wars, and the rise of fascism which is not dead yet, writers still turn inwards to grapple with the "psychology" and "atmosphere" of the left?

What of the conflict in trying to write deep, honest, true novels for capitalist publishers? How much must the writer, himself, censor to get his work published? If you think your talent places you above this problem, then write the true story of Broadway, Hollywood and the bourgeois press. Say what you really think of those other plays, novels, books, etc. your boss puts out. Have you forgotten what happened to Dreiser, Upton Sinclair, George Seldes and so many others? Who oppresses the writer, the left wing which calls him to battle (that *"urgent* social atmosphere") or the bourgeoisie that compels in one form or another the prostitution of his talent?

Let writers write of the great conflict of life which is that we who hunger for the good life, who love peace, who revere science and the arts, must toil miserably for the profits of the bourgeoisie, must make the guns and propaganda they turn against us, must provide the manpower they need for the wars their greedy exploitation of us leads to.

What worker, living in capitalist society, does not wonder how to find the strength to keep fighting, how to teach his children, love of life, courage and hope? And, where else except in daily struggle, does he find the answer? Here is an example, a subject, a goal for writers.

But workers like Betsy and Princey, as well as writers like Albert Maltz, experience a "conflict of conscience" because they still vainly dream of escaping the hard necessities of a worker's life, because they hunger for a solution that will neither hurt the class whose struggles they want to abandon nor benefit the enemy they despise, because they look upon the Party as an alien thing, as still another force pulling upon their unhappy souls, because, like "Whistling Willie" (*The Cross and The Arrow*) they want to close their eyes and forget.

Fascism did not come to power in Germany because the Whistling Willies stood aside from the struggle, nor did fascism come to grief because the Willies became oppressed with their guilt and found atonement in an act of sabotage. Princey, dying at the hands of the Black Legion, because he refuses to turn stool-pigeon, finds comfort not in having defeated the plans of the auto bosses, not in the work which he, his wife, his Party, his union, are carrying on, but in the realization that "a man must hold to his purpose. This — nothing else — is the underground stream of his life." Happily for Princey, Maltz does not permit him to reflect that the fascists have their purpose, their underground stream, and that if this is the moral, the justification of his life, he hardly differs from his enemies.

In Maltz's writings, there is a mystical,

(*Continued on page* 21)

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THE PARTY FOR PROFESSIONALS

By J. B. S. HALDANE

The following was recently issued by the Communist Party of Great Britain. The author, Professor Haldane, is among the world's most distinguished scientists. We feel that what he has to say to British professional workers applies equally well to American. Professor Haldane is, of course, a member of the Communist Party, as are the brilliant French scientists Joliot-Curie and Langevin. He is also on the editorial board of the London "Daily Worker," where he writes a regular column. We present his article slightly abridged.—The Editors.

A VERY large fraction of professional workers, if they are not convinced Socialists, at least voted for Labor candidates in the general election. There are probably two main reasons for this. They see, however vaguely, that capitalism leads either to massive unemployment or to war. And they see that socialism is not just a theory, but that it works in the Soviet Union, and that to prosecute the war successfully a large measure of state control was needed in Britain.

Many of those who voted for Labor are convinced Socialists, and are trade unionists, cooperators, and members of such bodies as the Socialist Medical Association or the Haldane Society. It is mainly to this section that the Communist Party appeals for membership.

An essential feature of our constitution is that every member must take part in active and continuous political work. That is why we want you as a member. You will have a good deal less spare time than before, but you will learn politics from the inside.

You will probably become an expert on some such subject as the medical, educational, or housing needs of your area, the law concerning demobilization, the proper use of agricultural land, or the running of a theater by and for the workers. You will learn how this concerns the average man and woman, and what are the actual obstacles to improvements in our society. Your comrades among the manual workers will include experts in the art of leadership, men and women who can lead their fellows in a struggle for greater production, for higher wages, or for better conditions. They will learn from you and you from them.

The aim of the Party is to be the spearhead of the Labor movement in its struggle for socialism; or in more modern terminology, the Commando which clears a beachhead for the main army. A party all of whose members are active politicians is inevitably different from a party most of whose members are content to vote and subscribe, but no more. That is why it has an influence out of all proportion to its membership or income, and why you, if you become a Communist, will be able to influence history more than you did before.

Our party is also unique in that its policy is based on Marxism. We claim that Marxism is simply scientific method applied to human history. Scientific method has been applied to the properties of matter, with enormous success. Some writers and speakers lament that scientific method has not yet been applied to human problems; others say that it cannot be so applied. We say that Marx first applied it in theory, and Lenin in practice. When we remember the resistance which was put up when Copernicus applied it to astronomy and Darwin to the origin of man, we cannot wonder that an attempt to apply it to human affairs in general meets with a far fiercer resistance. You will have to learn Marxism, not as a dogma, but as a guide to action, or what scientists call a working hypothesis. It is not an infallible guide. Marxists have made mistakes, some of them very serious. But we believe that they make fewer mistakes than those who are guided by other philosophies, or by none.

Our critics say that we change our policy so frequently and violently that we are quite unreliable. Of course, we change it when circumstances change. To take an example, it is a central tenet of Marxism that in the long run productive forces determine the character and ideas of a society. The release of atomic energy will completely alter the productive forces at man's disposal. It will therefore completely alter the details of the policy which Communists will adopt in working towards their goal of a classless society. It seems to have no such effect on our opponents. Thus the Conservative press is still writing on the value of Hong Kong as a naval base, though a single atomic bomb would wipe it off the map.

Deckinger.

Finally, we have a really international outlook. Marxism is the same in every country. It is this which links us with Communist Parties abroad (including the Communist Party of the Soviet Union) and in the colonies.

We do not take orders from Moscow as, for example, some members of the late Conservative government took orders from New York and Berlin when they were directors of firms belonging to international cartels. But we certainly get information from abroad, which we use in framing our policy. For example, we were the only party which understood what was happening in Spain in 1936, and more than one in a hundred of our members died there fighting fascism. We also supported the movements which led to the present governments in Yugoslavia and Poland, governments which even the Churchill administration ultimately recognized. But for years we were alone in supporting them. Ever since our foundation we have worked for friendship with the Soviet Union. This work will be as important as ever in the years to come. . . .

You may ask: "If the Communists succeeded in their aims, what would be my position?" The answer is that if you are good at your job you would have more power and more responsibility than you have now. The leading commissars in the Soviet Union, who direct great socialized industries, compared to which Imperial Chemical Industries or any of the British railways are small fry, are business executives, mostly trained as engineers. The leading scientists, writers, and artists are very important people.

A socialist Britain will need you. But if you are to fulfill your possibilities you also need a socialist Britain. We ask you to join us in working for it.

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THE CHURCH AND FASCISM

LAST week was "Brotherhood Week." High sounding words about cordiality between the historic faiths of America spring to the lips. An emotional impulse to promote better understanding warms the heart. But a glimpse at the mail crossing one's desk and a glance at the headlines in the morning paper and the words are choked. All is not right in the City of God.

I am a man with a religious conviction that is very precious to me. I also happen to be impressed by the substantial truth of Marxist methods of social and economic analysis. I believe, furthermore, in approaching the problem of a more adequate society as a scientifically ascertainable and realizable thing. With the Dean of Canterbury I hold that one can follow Christ, be loyal to the dynamic of the Jewish-Christian moral and spiritual tradition, and achieve an integrated and fruitful world for humanity. I will reason my beliefs with those who care to reason. What at this juncture is perhaps more important, I am willing to work with those who wish to work. I do not feel the need to resolve all philosophical question before I respond to the obvious in history and the obvious in the needs of humanity. Nor do I consider myself, in stating this, either renegade or recreant to my religious faith. In brief, I sincerely want to roll up my sleeves and get down to work.

For well over three years I have been giving a good deal of time to the business of promoting American-Soviet friendship and have now spoken before 250 audiences in the United States and Canada. It is very interesting for an American citizen and a churchman, whose motives are the peace and well-being of his country, to find the work in which he is engaged challenged by the Wood-Rankin Committee on the ground that war between the United States and the Soviet Union is inevitable and therefore any one who engages in the promotion of friendship between the two countries is chargeable with "pre-war treason." One is tempted to dismiss this committee as a lunatic fringe but when one finds a Walter Lippmann analyzing Stalin's pre-election speech in the same distorted fashion and reads such an address as Congressman Gwinn delivered before the "Friends of Frank Fay" rally, which has been widely reproduced in the Roman Catholic press, and watches the fulminations of the group of Jewish writers surrounding the *New Leader*, one realizes that there is being developed a body of opinion that is both explosively dangerous and disturbingly widespread. It evades the three religious groupings of the United States and is a ferment viciously at work.

Over the average minister's desk today is coming a steady avalanche of mail, increasingly bearing the imprint of big industry, with impressive letterheads listing the presidents of the great American corporations, identifying Christianity with the maintenance of big business freedom and lumping all "isms" as equally subversive to the Faith as to the nation. The fact that these industrialists are increasingly getting on the boards of religious institutions and are banding to finance their religious programs has implications which frighten honest men within the churches as much as it disturbs those progressives who are outside.

In public meetings where the constituency is largely Protestant I have found in recent months an increasing number of businessmen who have asked me very bluntly, "If the issue is Christianity versus Communism, isn't the Roman Catholic Church the one bulwark, and ought one not to be more sympathetic to its spread in the United States?" I have invariably replied that a large section of the Roman Catholic press is trying to sell the American public that idea, and one must not ignorantly fall for a very shrewd and calculated propaganda line.

IN THE light of such a press campaign and such personal conversations, the conversion of a Clare Boothe Luce to Roman Catholicism seems to me something more than an individual matter. It undoubtedly has political implications of the greatest magnitude. Henry Luce is the exponent of the American Century. He is a major voice of big business. What is more, he is a man with great influence and no small financial stake abroad—in China. One cannot build on rumors, yet the rumor is in circulation that one reason Mrs. Luce is not running for Congress is that she aims at higher things and one of these objectives is the Ambassadorship to China. Couple this with the fact that Cardinal-designate Bishop Tien has been very close to the Generalissimo and has just been elevated to the Cardinalate, and the pieces fall into a macabre pattern.

It is not impossible that the reactionary Kuomintang leadership, sensing the insecurity of its dictatorship in the face of mounting democratic agitation, is currying the sympathy of the Vatican and American Catholic opinion. The Vatican itself, realizing that its prestige and privilege in Europe have been severely undermined by its position in the war against fascism, and knowing that to all practical purposes it is eliminated as a power in the Soviet Union and eastern Europe, is turning more and more to the United States, Latin America and China for its future strength, as the elevation of the new Cardinals indicates. And the third implication of this picture is that American monopoly capital, represented by the Fords and Luces and others, recognizes in an authoritarian church an ally against the impending threat of more economic democracy. Luce himself, by virtue of his personal religious background, could not make this shift without vast damage to his position in the eyes of Protestant America, with which he has so many valuable ties. But Mrs. Luce has made the shift for him. At this juncture one can only watch and wonder what comes next.

It is perfectly obvious that the idea of Brotherhood cannot be propounded glibly. It cannot be detached or dissociated from the economic context of our times. What must be done is to stress respect for the convictions of individuals in the different faiths. I have no use for the man or the woman who attacks another, or discriminates against another, because that person is of another religious tradition or background. This is group prejudice, blind, unreasoning, disruptive. It provides fuel for social division. At the same time one must not sugar over and evade the alliances which are formed between religious institutions and economic privilege. Actually, as every intelligent student knows, there are enlightened thousands in the Protestant, Roman Catholic

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and Jewish faiths who are as disturbed at these power manifestations within the religious sphere as any analyst viewing them from the outside. On the whole, however, groups within the American churches are not equipped with the apparatus for analyzing the roots of the problem, although they feel acute discomfiture. That is why I have constantly maintained that more attention must be paid by the progressive movement to the introduction of scientific analysis into the church field. I understand fully the timidity of groups which have been so consistently attacked as anti-religious. But the fact is today that both poles of the fascist-democratic struggle are driven to clothe themselves in the coloration of religion and the issue in all probability is going to be fought out in the religious sphere in the decades immediately ahead. Big business understands this. The progressive movement has a lot to learn about the potential of a Jewish-Christian tradition, accepted by the majority of Americans, who have never been helped to release the full power of a movement born in a slave rising in Egypt and a populist movement in the Mediterranean world.

BIG PEOPLE IN A LITTLE STRIKE

By VIRGINIA GARDNER

Baltimore.

WHILE I wait for the guards to bring down Cecelia, snatches of conversation drift through the fine wire screening which, with the glass, separates the prisoners from us, and once I catch the eye, and quick smile, of a Negro youth. On my side are four high stools. I get the last vacant one. The others are occupied by attorneys and policemen. "What do you want to get out for?" the cynical voice on my right asks a white youth. "You'll be right back in. I got a fellow out from an awful jam three months ago and now he's back—"

A door opens, clangs shut, and Cecelia Wright is in the glassed-in enclosure in one corner of the lofty-ceilinged room in the Baltimore city jail. Standing since 1849, the jail has thick walls of Maryland granite. Cecelia smiles at me to make me feel at home. Had I talked to some of the other girls who were in the strike? I assured her I had. "They're fine girls," she tells me through the screen. When I bend forward to answer, I see her eyes through the glass, and her mouth through the screen. It is disconcerting at first, and she realizes it, and my first lack of ease. "They always write me," she says comfortingly, "and that gives me a good feeling. And I have a pass—two of them can come see me." Later I learn the pass will admit visitors only once every other week. "Ninety days, isn't it?" I ask stupidly.

Cecelia was in a strike you probably haven't heard of. No reason why you should—with all the gigantic steel and auto and electrical workers' strikes that were going on at the time. No reason why except that it doesn't hurt to remember, in this period of massive strikes which shut down industries completely, that there are other strikes, too. It doesn't hurt to remember that there still are employers like Murray J. Rymland, and there are not always the conditions—a shut-down plant, say, and an old established union—which prevent a Mr. Rymland from following his natural bent.

It was only a little strike that Cecelia was in. Only a handful of workers, in a strike that stretched out for eleven weeks, eleven weeks of bitter weather, of rain that turned to slushy ice and sleet that froze on the cobblestone-like pavement of the steep alleyway behind the Comfort Spring Corp. building in one of Baltimore's hilly sections. It was here that the workers picketed every day in a continuous picket line which began with what would have been dawn in any decent weather—6:30 AM—and lasted until 5:30 PM.

"He thought the weather was going to whip us," laughed Cecelia. We were speaking of her boss. I had told her I'd seen him the day before, diamond ring and shiny fingernails and monogrammed shirt and on the wall the big stuffed fish he caught—and all. "Rymland thought his hired pluguglies and the weather would break the strike. But Mr. Lou, he went and bought us all raincoats and we kept on marchin'."

The "Mr. Lou" meant Lou Gilbert, organizer for the United Furniture Workers-CIO, and apparently was a hangover from Cecelia's pre-picket days when all white people were Mr. or Miss.

What endeared these strikers to the hearts of men and women of labor in Baltimore was that nine-tenths of them were Negro, and were untrained in union organization except for a strike in 1937 over an AFL-CIO dispute, in which the union was broken. Yet they displayed such solidarity that they won this strike, in the face of arrests and intimidation, of goons with blackjacks in their pockets, in the face of the weather and employer tactics which included the use of racial prejudice to recruit an army of strikebreakers. Toward the end there were more scabs than strikers, although of 232 workers who went out on strike, only seven went back to work. Others were forced to take jobs or left the city in search of them, so that at the end there were 200 scabs and 130 strikers.

"What is the main thing you learned from the strike?" I asked Cecelia.

"I'll tell you. This is just what is in me." She tapped herself over the heart. There was no self-consciousness in the gesture. She had forgotten the screen and the glass, the walls of granite. "When I was growing up, I felt apart. I had no childhood like other kids. Now—my face is dark, your face is white. But I know it doesn't make any difference now, if you're fighting for the same thing. I don't feel alone any more. I don't think I ever will feel alone again.

"This is the first time I've been in jail. But I don't feel so bad. The workers don't forget me—Mr. Minister, another old employe, a white man, worries over me like I'm his daughter, the girls say. There's fine girls here, too." She laughed, a warm, rich, easy laugh. "When they said you were here, I said, all right, I'd run up and get my coat. The girls laughed. 'What coat?' they said. I forgot. I gave my coat to a girl who left the other day and she didn't send it back. I know she must not have had any coat."

THE snow has turned to rain as I go out. It beats down upon the thick walls which surround a yard the prison-

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ers exercise in, separated by a double thickness of wall from the enclosure used by prisoners of the Maryland state prison, immediately adjacent and of the same vintage, the same stone. "It's like a medieval fortress," I say to the Negro cab driver who drives me all around the prison and jail, four long blocks of granite structure. He laughs. "Yes, and it's just as durable," he says.

ACROSS the street from the swanky Merchants' Club on Redwood street, known as Baltimore's Little Wall street, are the modest offices of the American Detective and Investigating Service—which is, in toto, Edward L. Hitzelberger, who boasts on his card, "twenty-five years' experience."

Indeed Hitzelberger, whom the strikers infuriated by calling "Husselberger," does have a wide experience. A former police lieutenant assigned to the vice squad, he went into the business of shaking down prostitutes. Hitzelberger after twenty-six years on the police force was convicted for graft "too petty to be dignified as real graft," as the judge who sentenced him to a year in the Maryland penitentiary, Judge Eugene O'Dunne of the Criminal Court, remarked at the time (Baltimore *Sun*, Nov. 12, 1937).

"Lieut. Hitzelberger," said the judge, after the police figure was found guilty of malfeasance in office, "was commissioned by the Free State to suppress disorderly houses. Instead of doing so he protected them, and organized a small 'prostitution trust,' and became a magnate director in three 'interlocking call houses' having rural delivery within the zone including Annapolis, on which the fee was thirty dollars instead of thirty cents." The vice squad lieutenant, according to the evidence, was not above accepting shirts, a bottle of brandy, a puppy, sixty dollars, and a silver carving set as tokens of esteem, in return for protection.

When I saw Hitzelberger, whom the judge had somewhat poetically compared to "flotsam and jetsam on the tide of time," two characters with hats on lurked in his outer office. Hitzelberger turned his massive face, which was of a grayish purple cast, toward me. He told his Flotsam and Jetsam to stick around, and shut the door. Hitzelberger was well dressed, but where Rymland's nails were shiny his were in need of a scrubbing. His office was almost bare. I had been there four times and found it locked. Apparently his business was not a thriving one, or was of a peculiar nature which required no office force. Yet before I left he mentioned a recent trip to California by plane and assured me if I ever wanted to go to Los Angeles he could give me letters of introduction to people who could see to it that I made a lot of money. "In your line," he said, "there's a lot of money to be made out there."

Cecelia had told me that on one occasion Hitzelberger had threatened one of the girl strikers. "He called her a stooge and said he'd knock the hell out of her—but he didn't say it like that—he used a worse word," she said. Hitzelberger was full of pious claims that he "took no sides," but he complained bitterly about the strikers' lack of "refinement." He denied vigorously that his men took photographs of the strikers, or that the dictaphones which were rigged up from the windows of the plant were installed by his men. "They wanted my men to take pictures, but I pulled them out of there instead. The pictures were made by a couple of the bosses," he said. Actually, his men had taken movies of the picket line until the union organizer produced a camera and pretended to take his own pictures of them, whereupon they refused to take any more, I learned later.

Rymland had claimed he had hired only four "watchmen," two through Hitzelberger and two through another agency. Hitzelberger said Rymland hired them all through him and that there were six. He called in Flotsam and Jetsam from the other room. "I'll introduce you to one of my men to prove I didn't take sides. Of course," he added, "he's had a few drinks too many now, but he'll tell you."

"Boys, this is a reporter," he said, "and I want you to tell her what I told you when you went out to Comfort Spring. What did I say? Did I say just to guard the property?"

"That's right, just guard the property," said one of them. He winked at me. "I can read between the lines," he babbled. "Best thing is to mingle with the workers, get to know their plans—"

"Didn't I say not to take sides?" Hitzelberger interrupted. "Just tell her." And Flotsam answered cheerily: "That's right. That's what he told all nine of us."

"What was that?" I asked.

"All six of you," said Hitzelberger. And the goon said, "Yeah, all six of us."

Hitzelberger claims his men were paid by the company, and only eighty cents an hour. Maybe that's all they got, but the union claims that Hitzelberger got eighteen dollars a day for each man, and that there were more than a dozen hired thugs. Hitzelberger himself went out a couple of times a day to survey the scene.

"I still think you're for the union," he said to me suspiciously as I left.

CERTAINLY there was no lack of police at the Comfort Spring Corp. plant. I found Mr. Rymland extremely touchy about a story in the Baltimore *Sun* listing the thousands of workers out on strike in other spots, 18,000 in steel, other thousands in auto, meat packing,

The Hating Mind

Ah, I have learned the racial hating mind
cannot be sweetened in a moment's time;
have pried with the fulcrums of sound common sense,
of logic and our democratic mode,
only to see blank walls in friendly eyes,
the spurs of prejudice in solid rock
rooting for hold; and I have learned, with shock,
how Jekyll looked transforming into Hyde
in his own sight, when Everyman, my friend,
pleasant and polished in his ways and talk,
turns to a beast before me, snarls
his ape-theories, fingers grown to claws,
his genial teeth to fangs, growls *nigger, kike;*
confronts me with human blood upon his jaws.

MILT ROE.

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Westinghouse, etc. "Wasn't it odd that the small strike at Comfort Spring received, according to the *Sun*, more police protection than all the other strikes combined?" I asked him. He was having the *Sun* story "checked," said Rymland. It was "incorrect." He himself never saw more than two policemen at either end of the building—maybe three—except at the time of the "riot." Actually from fifteen to seventeen policemen were there at all times, the strikers said.

Rymland appeared most virtuous about taking back all the strikers, even the three who were convicted. Two others besides Cecelia were fined. All the charges against the scabs, two of whom had attacked Gilbert without any provocation whatsoever away from the plant, were dismissed in court. The fact is that Rymland did not want to take back those who were convicted, but the matter went to arbitration and he was forced to reinstate them.

Moreover, Rymland is the first boss to file suit against the workers themselves under the Smith-Connally act, a reversion to the historic Danbury Hatters case. He filed suit for a quarter of a million dollars—against the union, its officers and the individual strikers. Of course all claims and suits were dropped with the settlement.

The strike was a victory for the workers. They got their first contract. They got maintenance of membership without any escape clause. During the second and last year of the contract, if the arbitrator finds that the union has lived up to its contract Rymland will be compelled to grant a union shop. They get two paid holidays a year, and vacations, and substantial pay raises, although not in all categories (and in some, lower rates). While union security was the main issue, the pay increases will amount to about $450 a week spread among 150 piece workers.

But Rymland, pacing up and down the floor, says contemptuously, "The $30,000 or $40,000 a year they got is peanuts to a plant like ours." He has a plant at Jersey City, and a closed one in Brooklyn.

As for the union's accusation that Rymland, in an attempt to break the strike, appealed to racial prejudice in hiring scabs, he laughingly tossed that off. Why, didn't he advertise in the *Afro-American* looking for colored help during the same period? he asked.

The company did have the ingenuity and hypocrisy to advertise in the *Afro-American*. But that was after it had successfully hired white scabs. It did this by setting up an employment office away from the plant and telling applicants that the job would be to work in a plant which was struck—but by an illegal strike, a strike called by Negroes in an attempt to keep whites out of the plant. The union is in possession of an affidavit bearing this out. It was only after the union protested this racist tactic to city officials that the company issued a statement, printed in the *Afro-American*, whose home office is Baltimore, denying the union's charge. At the same time the *Afro-American* accepted an advertisement, carried for several days, asking for employes. A few colored people thereupon did scab, but not for long. One Negro who answered the ad refused to go in and scab after learning the facts.

Pacing up and down before the baleful eyes of his big sailfish on the wall—he caught it at Acapulco, Mexico, and it was ten and a half feet long, he told me with a careless wave of the hand—Rymland recited a touching story of how he had worked in spring plants since he was eighteen, as a worker, too. He climbed—but soon: "Right away I built myself up as foreman and superintendent. Now, of course, I'm president of this company."

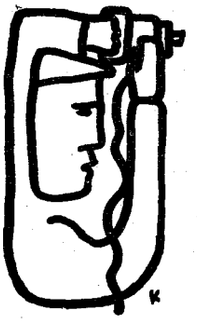
"Did you have any uncomfortable experiences yourself with the picket line, Mr. Rymland?" I asked.

"Well," he said, apparently summoning all the dignity at his command, "they did use certain names. They used the words 'skunk' and 'rat.' And 'scab,' and I believe 'yellow dog.' I think they were a little on the abusive side."

"And what would you do, Mr. Rymland?"

"Nothing," he relied majestically. "I never made an issue of it."

I thought of what Rebecca Colbert and Ella Owens, each of whom had missed only one day on the picket line through all those bitter weeks from November 20 to February 4, had told me the day before about Rymland. Rymland had three cars, and often scabs were brought to the plant in one or another of them, they said. This made it unnecessary for company officials, with Hitzelberger's thugs and police escort a little in the background, to meet the scabs at the carline, as was usually done. One day Rymland arrived at the plant on foot, sauntering along, surveying the picket line. Suddenly he pointed his cane at one of the girl pickets, according to Rebecca and Ella, and said, "Officers, arrest her. She called me a name."



The policeman nearest him demurred. Apparently he had the idea you could employ logic with an employer like Rymland. He said he couldn't arrest her, that she wasn't talking to him or anyone in particular, and had not called him a name. But the policeman did not remain on the Comfort Spring detail, the girls declared—no more than did any other policeman who was friendly to the strikers or who refused a shot of whisky in the Comfort Spring plant, or offended the management in other ways.

As I left Rymland and the sailfish, and the equally cold eye of each, I met the same two outer-office characters. They had suddenly appeared from nowhere, wearing hats and pointedly standing around examining the etchings on the wall.

Walking down the steep alleyway, I glanced up at the barracks-like brick building. On one side was a high wall, on the other the building, with its screened-in windows high up. It was easy to imagine it, with floodlights on it during the strike, "just like a concentration camp," as one striker had told me. I could see the police blocking each end and four paddy wagons clanging up and piling in the forty-seven strikers. I walked along Baltimore Street, from Broadway to Carolina, where small merchants had given baskets of food to strikers, or served coffee, or collected a few dollars. Jewish stores for the most part, they seemed.

ELLA was one who kept on marching and was arrested when police said the entire line must leave, and Gilbert shouted, "No—we picket!" Twenty-two years old, a worker there since 1941, but recently employed out of town, she supports a mother and a seven-year-old daughter. She made from twenty dollars to twenty-five dollars a week assembling cushions, will make from thirty dollars to thirty-three dollars on the new rates. The thing that made her maddest during the strike was the leaflets issued by the company and thrown around the neighborhood. "They said, if you wanted a good job, with steady income of thirty dollars to thirty-five dollars for women, sixty dollars to sixty-five dollars for men, with good working conditions and pleasant surroundings, to come to Comfort Springs." The com-

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pany sent Ella a telegram urging her to come back to work, as was done in many instances, "but they forgot to mention the pleasant surroundings, so I didn't go back. I learned one thing—that there is no difference in people, once they get together," said Ella. "They're all the same, they've got the same ideas about life, the same problems we colored people have. I learned discrimination is something people make up, and it's not real, and it's going out." Her greatest thrill, she said, came when she spoke before a Jewish folk chorus. "There were very few there, but they took up twenty-two dollars for us in about one minute."

Rebecca, who is twenty-four, weighs all of 102 pounds. When a scab struck her away from the plant, she defended herself. Later, as she was walking toward the plant, a radio police car came up, a white scab pointed her out, and "two burly cops grabbed me and threw me in the car." Her seven-year-old son knew his mama had been in jail. So he'd understand all about the why of it, she took him on the picket line. "He looked around and asked, 'Why are there so many policemen, Mommy? We going to be arrested today?' But he wasn't upset," she said proudly.

And when her husband comes home from the Navy, Rebecca and her son will tell them how they've been fighting, too. "It seems I never really knew people before, white or colored," she said. "But on the line, when we sang 'Solidarity Forever' it meant something real to me. It was like we were one big family."

The strikers are not the only ones who have learned from the strike. The United Office and Professional Workers-CIO gave a mixed party for the benefit of the strikers, a new thing for the labor movement in this Jim Crow stronghold. Both white and Negro were shy at first, but singing and music and dancing cleared the air.

Moreover, the other CIO unions, most of whom failed to grasp the significance of the strike until after it was so valiantly won, are said to recognize that the victory would have been more complete, the terms of the contract even better, had they given fuller support. Now that the strike is won, gifts are coming in, and a little fund is being raised for the striker in jail, a token of what the unions might have done in support of the little band which refused to be intimidated by hired goons and police or discouraged by rain and snow and hunger.

BEHIND SOVIET POLICY

By JOHN STUART

Last week I received a letter from my friend Carl. Ours is an old friendship running back to days at college when we borrowed each other's laboratory notebooks and went out together for Saturday night beer. Carl is big and good to look at. He was a rosy-cheeked boy and will never lose that facial glow. Carl is a doctor back in practice after two years in Europe. If I remember rightly he has a Silver Star. He never told me about it, but his sister did. Carl is also a rich man's son and where he lives, upstate New York, rich men's sons are generally Republicans, but Carl oscillates between them and the Democrats.

After months of no letters I got a letter. It was what you might call a thesis rather than a letter. It was friendly in tone but also stippled with anger. His sister sent him a piece I wrote defending the Soviet position at the UNO meeting and severely criticizing that of the American and British delegations. "How in the name of objectivity," he wrote, "could you have said the kind of things you did? I like the Russians. I've met them in Berlin. They are a hard-punching lot, full of vim and vodka. They do crazy things but then so do the Americans. Uncle Joe seems a nice man but he has his special axe to grind just as Harry in the White House has his. If you are going to be objective, as you always claim you try to be, how can you insist that the Russians are never at fault?"

This, then, is by way of reply to Carl. It becomes public only because Carl is more or less average among many thousands of Americans—good, honest, straightforward people who feel as he does. "Why," they say, "do Communists never blame the Russians? Are they so perfect, so innocent that they can do no harm? Why shouldn't we get as tough with them as they do with us?"

My answer will not satisfy all of them. A few hundred words of print cannot serve as an antidote to poison spread over years. I doubt whether my answer will completely satisfy Carl, who is a scientist rigorously trained in the observation of fact but who loses his science when he moves out of the clinic and into the newspapers. He undoubtedly thinks that Senator Vandenberg and Secretary Byrnes made brilliant speeches last week. He will not sit down and take them apart just as he would a set of symptoms. Carl will say that Vandenberg and Byrnes are talking sense, his kind of sense and if he does not say that then he will accept their dicta because they sound so reasonable. And Carl is above all a reasonable man.

This is a time for reason but let it be reason entrenched in fact. I don't think Carl will be able to deny when it is pointed out to him that there is something fraudulent about Vandenberg's speech—a speech which in one paragraph expresses the Senator's gratification that "there was not a suspicion of insincerity and sabotage" in the decisions of the UNO and in another paragraph declares that Vyshinsky, who led the Soviet delegation, was "less interested in peace . . . than he was in friction."

Nor can I consider Vandenberg's words as coming from the mouth of an angel simply because he sounds so angelic. After Vandenberg summarizes all that the UNO has done he ends with the question, "What is Russia up to?" He does not ask what the United States is up to or what Great Britain is doing. His central and sole inquiry is the USSR. This, in gambler's parlance, is known as loading the dice. It is not objectivity. It is more an index to a mind deeply embittered against Russia but cautious and clever enough not to reveal it in bald terms. Objectivity would have demanded that Vandenberg ask why the United States for all its glittering declarations on colonial freedom is permitting the use of unmarked munitions against the Indonesians? He would ask what business London has shooting down Egyptians, terrorizing Greeks, killing Indians? If

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the Russians are all to blame, strangely enough the Greeks, the Indians, the Egyptians and the Indonesians do not think so.

Not only is Vandenberg a member of a party whose elder statesman, Herbert Hoover, said that he preferred fascism if he had to choose between it and Communism, but his party is the toy of the robber barons—the men who run General Motors, US Steel, the DuPont empire. And Vandenberg as the political representative of this agglomeration of reactionary economic power offers to sign a treaty with the USSR against potential aggressors when his mentors will not maintain peace even with their own workers.

And what does a treaty mean? Do treaties really guarantee peace? If treaties stopped wars then there are enough of them around to have kept war out of the world for the last two hundred years. There have been times when treaties even camouflaged preparation for war. Does Carl remember Hitler's mountain of treaties with neighboring states?

And Secretary Byrnes' speech—there is a fine flood of words full of homilies with the faintest relation to fact. Let me take one sentence, for example, to prove how myths are created. Mr. Byrnes says that "*our tradition as a peace-loving, law-abiding, democratic people should be an assurance that our armed forces will not be used except in the defense of law.*" (My emphasis.) This will give the Filipino people a hearty laugh if it does not bring bitter tears. They have not forgotten how the American Army in 1898 fought to take their islands away under the pretense of liberating them from Spanish rule.

And let me remind Carl what General Smedley Butler of the Marines wrote about "the defense of law" before his death. "I spent thirty-three years and four months in active service as a member of our country's most agile military force—the Marine Corps. I served in all commissioned ranks from second lieutenant to major-general. And during that period I spent most of my time being a high-class muscle man for big business, for Wall Street, and for the bankers. In short, I was a racketeer for capitalism. . . .

"Thus I helped make Mexico and especially Tampico safe for American oil interests in 1914. I helped make Haiti and Cuba a decent place for the National City Bank boys to collect revenues in. . . . I helped purify Nicaragua for the international banking house of Brown Brothers in 1909-1912. I brought light to the Dominican Republic for American sugar interests in 1916. I helped make Honduras 'right' for American fruit companies in 1903. In China in 1927 I helped see to it that Standard Oil went its way unmolested.

"During those years I had, as the boys in the back room would say, a swell racket. I was rewarded with honors, medals, promotion. Looking back on it, I feel I might have given Al Capone a few hints. The best he could do was to operate in three city districts. We Marines operated on three continents."

WHAT I ask of Carl is that he remember this when he reads a Byrnes' speech, that he look at the many-sidedness of a problem, that he have all the facts. I doubt whether Carl would judge a patient's illness without taking a case history, look into his childhood, ask him the kind of life he is leading. Why must Carl be less rigorous with the things that concern his own life? And foreign policy enmeshes everyone whether he knows it or not. The failure of American foreign policy to join with Russia in collective efforts to block Hitler before war came took Carl away from his family for two years. It took millions of others. And Vandenberg and Byrnes are talking foreign policy—the foreign policy of the money giants who sent General Butler on his predatory missions. These are the men who would annex the planets if they could. Was Vandenberg speaking in the interests of peace when as a delegate to the San Francisco conference he did not fight the invitation to fascist Argentina but in fact helped bring her in? Does Byrnes really believe in genuine democracy when he has never spoken up against poll-tax rule in his native state, South Carolina? Can Vandenberg mean genuine friendship for the Soviet Union when he supported the corrupt anti-Soviet Polish emigres in London?

Carl will have to apply other tests to the things he reads. About the speeches of the Senator and the Secretary of State he will have to ask, who are these men anyway? What are their records? Who are the men behind their parties? What are the trends within their parties and the direction in which their rulers are taking them? Is Truman another Roosevelt? If he is then he is violating a fundamental precept of the Roosevelt policies—friendship for the USSR. Short of a complete dossier and conclusions based on the facts, Carl will be making judgments which risk his life in the same way he would be risking his patient's if he failed to ascertain the truth.

And Carl must know too that the facts are not easy to get. They are kept from the public domain with all the skill and enterprise of the sleight-of-hand artist. The hardest thing for a man of good will to learn is that the American big-business press is first and last for big business. The only objectivity that press, with hardly an exception, can claim are the weather reports and the horse-racing results. Carl must remember that when he reads newspaper dispatches about the Soviet Union.

BUT all this does not answer Carl's question whether the "Russians are never at fault?" I could give him several answers. I could tell him that the Russians never said that they were faultless. To read their newspapers is to learn quickly that they spend a good deal of time publicly discussing their faults and correcting them through discussion. I could also say that the Russians have a method of thinking which reduces the number of errors they can make. Marxism does that for them. It does not prevent all mistakes. But that will not satisfy Carl.

To satisfy him I shall have to tell him something of the Russian economy—socialism. In only that way can I prove not that the Russians are faultless but that what they do in terms of foreign policy hurts none of the common people of the world—neither the Indian nor the Englishman, neither the Chinese nor the American. Soviet foreign policy in fact helps them in their aspirations for peace and that is why we Communists support that policy as we would the policy of any country earnestly fighting for a peaceful, democratic world.

The economics of socialism are the very opposite of the economics of capitalism. There are no men who profit from the labor of others. Did it ever occur to Carl why he cannot name a Soviet counterpart of a C. E. Wilson, a Benjamin Fairless, a DuPont? There simply are none, for every productive unit of the country is owned not by a handful of men but by the people themselves. The expansion of the Soviet market always keeps pace with production. When production goes up consumption increases. Under Soviet socialism the market is bottomless.

Under capitalism, particularly when the ownership of the factories and mines

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becomes concentrated in the hands of a few and when workers cannot buy back what they make, the owners have to look for markets elsewhere. It is their only solution for getting rid of "excess" products. That is the problem facing the capitalists everywhere—markets, markets, markets! And they are always cutting one another's throats—when they are not using the more diplomatic means —to get those markets. They war on each other, they lend money in return for market privileges, they keep other people in bondage.

Carl may not believe Lenin's classic work, *Imperialism*, describing the pathology of the capitalist market or that the market is the womb in which capitalist foreign policy is born. Let me instead quote him something interesting from a "respectable" source: "American factories are making more than the American people can use; American soil is producing more than they can consume. Fate has written our policy for us; the trade of the world must and shall be ours. And we will get it as our mother [England] has told us how. We will establish trading-posts throughout the world as distributing-points for American products. We will cover the ocean with our merchant marine. We will build a navy to the measure of our greatness. Great colonies governing themselves, flying our flag and trading with us, will grow about our posts of trade. Our institutions will follow our flag on the wings of our commerce. And American law, American order, American civilization, and the American flag will plant themselves on shores hitherto bloody and benighted, but by those agencies of God henceforth to be made beautiful and bright. . . . If this means the Stars and Stripes over an Isthmian canal . . . over Hawaii . . . over Cuba and the southern seas . . . then let us meet that meaning with a mighty joy and make that meaning good, no matter what barbarism and all our foes may do or say."

Those are the words of Senator Albert J. Beveridge delivered in Boston in 1898. Two years later in the United States Senate he said: "God . . . has made us the master organizers of the world to establish system where chaos reigns. . . . He has made us adepts in government that we may administer government among savages and senile peoples."

There, very roughly, is the motive behind America's capitalist foreign policy to this very day: for American factories, except for the interlude of war, are still producing more than American workers can buy with their wages. Naturally the lust for markets is too crude a motive to present publicly, too crude to develop any deeply felt patriotism particularly when an American admiral testifies, as he did last month before a naval appropriations committee, that the American navy must be as large as America's foreign trade. Not infrequently, then, the motive is bedecked with such words as freedom, democracy, and all the abstract semantic paraphernalia known to high-priced advertising executives.

THE Russians can have no such market motive. Did it ever occur to Carl why there are no Soviet citizens holding shares in the industry or agriculture of other countries? The answer is simple. There are no capitalists with surplus funds to invest abroad. All capital is put back into increasing production. The Soviets need no marines to guard investments abroad. They trade abroad only as a means of paying for the commodities they import. Their economy, therefore, is the source of their foreign policy, its non-aggressive roots, its pursuit of peace.

I hope that Carl will now see the point that the origin of any country's foreign policy can be found in the economy by which it lives. This is true over the whole globe whether it be the Soviet Union, the United States, or Great Britain. And the differences in economy explain the differences in the power wielded by them. The latter two must convert their power into power politics in the search for markets and profitable spheres of influence. The only thing the USSR can do is to use its power to satisfy its internal needs and for defense against those who would like nothing better than to see the USSR forcibly transformed into the kind of market it was under the Czars.

Soviet policy is not a passive policy. Its leaders know that they must always take active measures against the monopolist's hunger for profit, for raw materials, for markets. If Carl were Stalin what would he do if he were faced in Europe and in Asia by hostile, predatory monopolists? Would he not take steps to keep them away from Soviet borders? Would he not keep the Red Army at a strength sufficient to meet any eventuality? Would he not aid those governments determined to live in friendship with the USSR after their countries paid the price of living in friendship with fascism? Would he not make every effort to remove every political mine laid to menace the peace? Would he not try to help oppressed colonial peoples get their independence since the colonial system is the weakest link in the chain of peace?

In sum that is what the Soviets have been doing especially in areas contiguous to their borders where monopoly capitalism has concentrated its anti-Soviet conspiracies. The Soviets will never again let their way of life be menaced by fascism which is monopoly capitalism at a special stage of decay and corruption. And if Carl credits the Russians with being realists he knows that they will pursue fascists to the ends of the earth. But they also know that for every fascist caught a new one is generated by the same market-lusting capitalist system. No one knows better than the Russians that while German and Japanese fascism have been defeated that does not mean that fascism is ended or that imperialism has been given the *coup de grace*. It worries the Russians no end and they can only find their security against it in their own power, in their own vigilance. They will make treaties with other states; they will contribute their share of energy in building the UNO; they will argue in behalf of Big Three Unity—but they will not give up their Marxist principles which tell them something of the real origins of war and make it possible for them to win wars in case of aggression.

The Russians are a proud and young people. They have a great hunger for life. And nothing will turn them back from the life they have chosen for themselves. They resent the attacks that are made on their leaders in American newspapers. They feel bitterly towards such books as William Allen White's, the canards of Max Eastman and Eugene Lyons, the blatant falsehoods published about them in the Hearst and McCormick-Patterson newspapers. They wonder what it means. Can it be that American minds are being deliberately poisoned for a war against them?

The Soviets would never countenance a book vilifying President Roosevelt yet an American publishing house is preparing to issue another in the series of Trotsky's vilifications of Stalin. Nor would they ever permit publication of the trash issued in this country in the name of a free press—as though freedom cannot be rooted in responsibility.

The Soviet citizen is a responsible citizen who cannot understand irresponsible violation of the Potsdam Agreement. He cannot understand why a group of congressmen issue a report signed by Representative Colmer which concludes that the USSR not be granted loans until it trades according to Wall Streets morals. Yet the same committee

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in the same report approves a quick revival of German industry. Nor can the Soviet citizen understand the tender care shown his bitter enemies in General Anders' Polish army in Italy. How is it possible, they wonder, that Anton Denikin, the White Russian military leader who organized uprisings against the Soviets, finds asylum in the United States, and is permitted to make such anti-Soviet speeches as he did on February 5? And above all the Soviet citizen does not understand the flaunting of the atom bomb in his face. Alexander Werth, a correspondent who lived in the USSR during the war, reports (*International Affairs*, January 1946) that against the "idea that Russia can some day be threatened and bullied by the atomic bomb, there is a wave of popular, one might say national, resentment in Russia. As one Russian put it, with a touch of bitterness: 'I suppose one day they will want to atomize the heroes of Stalingrad.' " No, the Russians do not understand atomic-bomb morality no more than we would if the Russians should use it on us or other peoples.

The Soviet citizen reacts and reacts quickly. Carl, as a doctor, would begin to worry about the sensibilities of his patients if they showed no response to anything from pinpricks to heavy blows. The Russians, furthermore, do not react with finesse and delicacy. For them the fight for peace is no teaparty. They have twenty million casualties to remind them what it cost to win peace.

The Russians have their faults as they will be first to admit. Stalin recently told a group of Finnish visitors not to idealize the Russians. They too, he noted, have their faults like all individuals and all nations. And he told Senator Pepper in an interview: "Do not either praise us or scold us. Just know us and judge us as we are and base your estimate of us upon facts and not rumors."

That, Carl, is good advice for all of us. Let us not add and substract faults as though that were the yardstick of any man's or country's worth. Let us rather use the yardstick of peace, of genuine democracy, of jobs and plenty. Whoever contributes most to their attainment shall win the future—and should win our support.

NM SPOTLIGHT

The Lineup Against Franco

THE people of the world are rising in revulsion against the Franco regime in Spain. Throughout Europe and in many quarters of our hemisphere the voice of the masses demands the immediate overthrow of the fascist butcher.

Franco remains in power today because his regime has been deliberately bolstered and the democratic opposition obstructed by the American and British governments and by the utterly reactionary policies of the Vatican. The latter, which leans far toward fascism, finds powerful allies in the British Foreign Office and in the American State Department. The fascist Franco, as one of the few remaining outposts of reaction in a rapidly changing Europe, must be fortified lest democracy sweep the entire continent. That until recently has been the motive guiding the policies of the leading imperialists.

Today the situation has changed—not because the notions of London, Washington or the Vatican have been reformed, but because Franco can no longer be held in power. The people of the United Nations, having bled to destroy fascism, will no longer tolerate the existence of an outright fascist dictator in their midst. They can no longer stand the sight of so obvious a source of new wars.

This has placed the imperialist statesmen in a very difficult position. For unless the removal of Franco can be very carefully controlled by them the Spanish people and their genuinely democratic parties may quickly fill the void. That would be a severe blow to the Byrnes' and the Bevins because democracy, whether in Spain or in China, is the implacable foe of imperialism. What is now going on is therefore a struggle between, on the one hand, the democratic forces of Spain, Europe and the whole world which want to see Spanish fascism thoroughly smashed and replaced by a real people's government, and, on the other, those who, realizing that Franco must be sacrificed, wish his elimination to result in the minimum possible gains for democracy.

The line-up is plain enough. The French and Soviet governments, supported by other democratic countries, want the machinery of the UNO to be brought into operation to strangle the Franco regime out of existence. The American and British governments are looking for a scheme whereby Franco can be eased out with the least possible political consequences. That's why they've been nursing the idea of a monarchy. That's why they are trying to blackmail France into a compromising "go easy" policy. That's why they don't care for the French plan to bring this matter before the Security Council in April. According to Washington and London this is not the kind of situation in which you want those who believe in real democracy, like the Russians and the Yugoslavs, messing around. Things might get out of imperialist hands and into those of the Spanish anti-fascists! The Vatican is of course horrified by the whole thing. For is not Franco one of the world's greatest instruments of its reactionary politics? Maybe Cardinal Spellman can save the day for fascism even at this late date.

The American public is far behind the people of Europe in giving militant expression to the hatred of Franco and in demanding his immediate destruction. Let no one be lulled into complacency simply because at long last the State Department has done something about fascist Spain. What it has done is scandalously little. In the spirit of our own heroic veterans of the war in Spain we must insist that the Truman government support the demands of the Spanish, French and Russian people and break relations with Franco.

Lessons in Lynching

MAY QUINN, the anti-Semitic, anti-Negro and anti-democratic public school teacher has been acquitted of all serious anti-democratic charges by New York's Board of Education.

On the same day the adult graduates of the May Quinn ideology in Columbia, Tenn. shocked the nation with an exhibition of the fruits of fascist teachings permeating our school system. May Quinn under a thousand

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different names teaches America's children subtle race prejudice, religious intolerance and contempt for the common people of other nationalities so that May Quinn's big business supporters, who invariably control our school boards, may fan these latent sparks of hatred into flames of lynch-terror, anti-Semitic outbreaks and strike violence. Our generation learned the connection between open fascist ideology and the fearful consequences of this ideology at the price of catastrophic horrors of fascist war. Now we must uproot the more subtle native forms of this same ideology.

One member of the New York Board of Education considered the Quinn case a "casual thing." This undemocratic mentality will also skip over the lynchings in Columbia as casual normal routine of the American way of life.

The acquittal of May Quinn, however, has aroused a mighty people's movement in the City of New York that holds a promise of a house cleaning in the New York schools. There is a mounting demand for the removal of all Board members who voted for the Quinn acquittal. There is a demand that a Negro be appointed to the Board and a growing movement for the passage of the Hulan E. Jack bill (# 404) in the State Legislature authorizing the election of all Boards of Education in the future.

The last of these is the most significant inasmuch as it brings the public school education within the sphere of control by the people through elections. School Boards generally are the traditional strongholds of reaction where the moulding of the new generation's ideology is patterned to confrom with the stagnant world outlook of the upper classes. The movement in New York to introduce the living breath of democracy into the school system may well be emulated in all parts of the country as a part of the struggle against reaction.

An Apple for Teacher.

An American in India

(*Continued from page 7*)

up rival peasant, worker and student bodies. It was as a result of these developments that the Communist Party resigned from the Congress.

"Through independent education we are carrying our program to the Indian people and those honest but misguided Congressmen and Leaguers who have not yet spoken up. Unless they are halted from the disastrous path of internal struggle they are following, British imperialist tentacles will remain gripping the bodies of the Indian people that much longer. We Communists are doing everything possible to eliminate differences among freedom-loving Indians and build a United Freedom Front. We consider it wasteful to engage in internal factional warfare when all fire must be concentrated on the imperialist rulers."

Then Mohan paused: "But you have a job also. Your country is the strongest imperialist power today. Your people must learn what is happening in the leading colonial country and they must act. India's freedom is the keystone to democracy and freedom throughout the Near and Far East."

Today I am back in America, but what I learned and saw in India can never be forgotten. We in America have a great role to play and a great stake in the struggle of the Indian people for freedom. The Indian freedom movement has grown tremendously in numbers, understanding and militancy during the war years and any attempt at autocratically imposing another Wavell plan will have disastrous consequences. The Indian people are not and will not be silent. They demand their independence.

On the Literary Left

(*Continued from page 11*)

abstract morality that has always conflicted with the generally sound description of class forces and class relations. If Maltz's article means that he is finding it more and more difficult to harmonize this conflict, he should consider whether, in repudiating and abandoning the Marxist analysis of society and the role of the writer, he is not throwing away all that is strong and healthy in his work.

The urge to expression of writers like Steinbeck, Wright and Odets flowed from their indignation with bourgeois morality. Their greatest achievements were made under the direct inspiration of working class struggle. What holds them back are the elements of weakness which result inevitably from the capitalist society which educates and envelops the writer, the thousand corrupting

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DEAR READER:

Two weeks ago we appealed to you for $50,000. This is the minimum needed to guarantee the existence of NEW MASSES for 1946 and to make possible important changes that will more fully express the cultural interests of our readers. Some of our readers have responded. Most, however, have not yet been heard from. During the past week we received in contributions $410. This makes a total of $7,436 received since the beginning of the year.

Unfortunately our creditors won't wait till this financial drive gathers steam. They want their money now. Here are our needs for the coming week:

One carload of paper without which we cannot go to press	$2,453
Return of loans made to meet our printer's needs last week	1,500
Required to meet our regular weekly expenses in addition to income from subs, ads, etc.	1,000
Total	$4,953

The changes we are planning will make NM a richer, more exciting, more useful magazine, a more effective educator and fighter. Writers and artists like Howard Fast, Richard O. Boyer, Millen Brand, Ben Field, Lawrence Emery, Bill Gropper, Philip Evergood, Frank Kleinholz, Joseph Hirsch and others will give you a sense of the dynamic times in which we live, of the marching picket lines, of the growing unity of labor and middle class people in the battle against the trusts, of the socialist goal toward which we move.

But without your help none of this will be possible. We are proud of the loyalty of NM's readers—precious capital which no other magazine possesses. Last year you helped us raise $44,000. This year we know we can count on you again. But we need action NOW.

Talk the matter over with your friends—organize a house party to raise funds for NEW MASSES. Write us about it; perhaps we can help you with entertainment, speakers, etc.

And please mail your contribution at once.

—THE EDITORS.

demands that capitalist society places on them, and their inability to find a middle road between the bourgeoisie and the working class. Not until they identify themselves, consistently, wholeheartedly, with the day-to-day struggles of the working class, not until they yearn passionately to stand side by side with the worker, sharing his strength and giving him strength, will they learn and absorb the true values of the working class, which have nothing in common with cynicism, irony, or abstract humanism—not until then will we have grounds to hope that their talents will really mature.

BERNARD HANKIN.

New York.

Marxism and Colonies

TO NEW MASSES: Neophyte's letter in last week's issue [NM, March 5] raises interesting questions about the British Labor Party's colonial policy of preserving the colonial structure of the Empire as the only means of maintaining the British economy and with it the livelihood of the English people. The letter presents the Labor Party argument for its colonial policy and leaves the Marxist position in the air in the form of a question that would at least imply that the Communist Party would seek to preserve the colonial market as the only form of self-preservation of the English people. It seems to me that NM should strive to answer such questions as a contribution to the Marxist understanding of basic problems of colonial policy.

L. B.

The editors have cabled R. Palme Dutt, taking Neophyte's suggestion, for an analysis of the problem. In the meantime it is clear that if socialism were really established in England many of the questions Neophyte raises would disappear. For one thing England's agricultural production would be improved technically to produce much more than it does in peacetime. It can also be expanded as it was during wartime. That would not eliminate the need to import food. But these importations would not be based on the exploitation of colonial peoples. It would be on the basis of an exchange of commodities between free peoples. Furthermore, the relation of political forces in Europe and what is now the Empire would be so changed if England went socialist that other countries would aid her without fear of being asked to pay a pound of flesh in return for British exports. Moreover, under socialism British economy would be a planned economy without millionaires hoarding the wealth produced by workers. British industry's technological backwardness would be changed. England could then produce in much greater quantities than she does now, thereby increasing the wealth of the country.

The Labor Party's policy towards the colonies merely makes for war, holds back the productive development of their wealth and keeps both Britain and the world that much poorer.—THE EDITORS.

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PERVERSION OF A CLASSIC

By ISIDOR SCHNEIDER

"ANTIGONE," a French collaborationist version of the classic by Sophocles, is, in its way, the most offensive play on Broadway. Slightly deodorized in the English adaptation by Lewis Galantiere, it is a shrewdly calculated attack on democratic values. It may survive the deadening effect of its verbose subtleties through the excellent acting of the principals, Cecil Hardwicke and Katherine Cornell. In that case one may charitably hope that these artists know not, altogether, what they do.

It is impossible to assume as much for Mr. Galantiere, whose elaborate explanation, printed in the program, gives ample evidence that he is fully aware of what the French author, Anouilh, was up to. He tries to justify Anouilh's liberties with the Sophocles original by assuming that Sophocles himself had tampered with an earlier Theban version of the Antigone story. And he admits that, to make it palatable to an American audience, he himself doctored the Anouilh text, putting a little more weight on what may pass for the democratic side in the play's argument.

The impression was spread by the advance publicity that the play, though produced in German-occupied France, had been a piece of successful double-talk, saying lulling things to the German censors and inspiring things to attuned democratic ears in the audience. I sat through the thing trying to puzzle out the message. Somewhat nauseated at the end, but still puzzled, I talked it over with other spectators at the play and found them in greater or lesser stages of a similar nausea.

The key to the puzzle, of course, is that the Germans knew what they were doing. They perceived "values" in it for them that shine out even through Mr. Galantiere's attempt to dim them.

Sophocles' *Antigone* is broadly based on two elements—the democratic Athenian hatred toward tyrants, and inexorable Destiny, the classic residue of a primitive Greek fatalism. Anouilh decomposes the first while he dresses up the second in all sorts of modern sophistications.

The plot hinges on the order of the Theban tyrant, Creon, to leave unburied the body of a rebel prince, slain in battle. In Greek religious tradition this was especially heinous. The order is intended as a warning to the people; but it outrages them and the murmurs reach into the tyrant's own household. The victim's sister, Antigone, defies the order, buries her brother and is executed. The tyrant has his way, however, only at the cost of the lives of his own wife and son.

How does Anouilh work on this simple story to pervert its democratic message?

In the first place by dressing the characters in modern clothes and putting modern allusions into their mouths, Antigone's act is dragged into an incongruous historical context and made to appear ludicrous. Other devices discredit Antigone's motives. A persistent play upon Antigone's sense of inferiority to her prettier sister—a theme entirely absent in Sophocles—is used to induce those in the audience, familiar with psychoanalytic concepts, to dismiss Antigone's act as a "compensation."

The tyrant Creon is presented as a duty-obsessed administrator shouldering the disagreeable cares of state out of a conscientious concern for public order. Here Anouilh again takes liberties with Sophocles, whose Creon is a simpler and psychologically far more credible tyrant. Through Anouilh's Creon, Hitler, by the implications of the time context, also figures as a man risking mob anger for the sake of "order."

HAVING, in these and other ways, made the rebellious act appear absurd and tainted with female pathology, Anouilh then proceeds to build up the fatalism in the play. The subtlest dose of poison is his perversion of the eternal fates into his immortal gangster "guards."

These, he tells us, constitute the only enduring element in politics. Rebels raise their futile tumults, tyrants come and go; but the "guards" remain. Several times in the play the guards are in peril of their lives, but Anouilh contrives escapes for them to emphasize their immortality. In them Anouilh's perversion of Sophocles reaches its extreme.

Moreover, the guards, says Anouilh, are the real thing: thus debasing political power to its lowest terms. The apparent masters are transitory; the guards eternal. Unconcerned over causes or ideals, their tireless and unchanging goal is pay, promotion and bonuses. It is their very debasement that makes them immortal.

In this, in his own way, Anouilh has literary kinship with the cynical Trotskyists like Celine, those anti-human writers who reduce life to metabolism, to a senseless ingestion and excretion of matter. Anouilh reduces the social structure itself to the reflex gut-functions of the guards.

The play contains other disillusionments in action, other insidious disparagements of human dignity and freedom.

No wonder the Germans smugly sat by and waited for the Anouilh opium to take effect. But they and Anouilh had made one grave error. The extreme idealist is mistaken to omit self-interest and other undeniable realities from his speculations, but the cynic makes an equivalent mistake in omitting from his calculations idealism, conscience and the human will to dignity and freedom.

Leaving them out of account was the flaw in the Nazi plan of world conquest. Suppressing them in Antigone made it inevitable that history would turn Anouilh's "tragedy" into tasteless farce.

The day of the decent people of Paris came at last. The undefeated Parisians who had made the French Revolution and the Commune rose to drive out the Germans, rose to prove to the Anouilhs that the spirit remains the immortal part of man.

It seems unforgivable that, with so much noble drama lying unproduced, good American talent should have been wasted on this elaborate and devious apologia for collaborationists.

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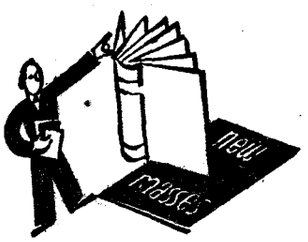

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Spanish Portrait

IN THE BLAZING LIGHT: A Novel About Goya, *by Max White. Duell, Sloan & Pearce. $2.75.*

FRANCISCO GOYA ranks in history with the greatest, for, like them, he not only transcended time and space, but accomplished the feat by setting truth, the rarest of all qualities, like a bright and beckoning jewel into his work. White's *In the Blazing Light* tells Goya's story from the day he arrived in Madrid as a young man fresh from travels in Italy and Spain to the time, forty years later, when the troops of Napoleon invaded the kingdom to place a Frenchman on the throne.

The tale is set against the background of the Spanish society of the late eighteenth century just following the French Revolution, when the clamor of freedom from over the Pyrenees was beginning to rock the decadent aristocracy and the Inquisition. White has treated his times and people with understanding, a well-defined touch of reality and an insight into the meanings of freedom, though, at times, he obscures the clarities of his story with descents to trivia.

Goya, son of a tradesman, saw Spain fresh and he saw her whole. But he was faced in his climb to fame and money with the necessity of subordinating his interest in the poor and the peasantry, in the grassroots of the country, to the artistic interests of the rich and powerful. The story is an old one, in any exploiting society. Early in his career Goya realized that he could not speak the truth, whether by word or on canvas. Ever present were the prejudices of the reactionary court and the menace of the Holy Office. His greatest successes were founded on paintings that appealed to both. The missing element that gave the flush of life to what had passed before and which clinches his fame as a people's artist came to light long after he had reached the prime of life and when fame, riches and glory had lost their taste, or had been taken from him by circumstances of politics and war. An onset of deafness in middle age cut him off from the babble of the nobility. His affliction gave him time to think and to find himself. Goya knew what was wrong in Spain. He knew it from his associations in the taverns, the market places and the homes of the poor. The book closes with Goya wandering through the ruins and the piled bodies of Madrid, preparing sketches for his famous series, *The Disasters of War.*

As a portrait of Spanish society, *In the Blazing Light* presents us with a tolerably honest interpretation of a period when such an extremely backward people as the Spanish peasantry was beginning to stir dangerously, and when even the abysmally decadent aristocracy had its minor Kropotkins and Tolstoys and Mirskys. We see a people groping fitfully toward a faint gleam of truth. Today the country of Goya still gropes toward that gleam, stumbling, crippled, half-blind, but unbroken, abandoned by all but the working class of the world and the land of socialism. *Ca ira,* say the French, whose great revolution brought the first sunrise to Spain. Yes, it will come—in a blazing light.

KURT CONWAY.

Day in New Orleans

THOSE OTHER PEOPLE, *by Mary King O'Donnell. Houghton, Mifflin. $2.50.*

READING this book is like going to an unusually good movie. We see day coming to the French Quarter of New Orleans and watch the hours moving across it. We see people, their lives sliding smoothly in grooves of routine and habit, unaware of the drama of an ordinary day, not realizing how involved in humanity each individual is. But lives will be changed during this day and the changes will affect other lives, for no one exists entirely apart from his fellows.

Merlin Webster, realtor, preoccupied with his deals, does not know this; yet had he repaired the balcony of one of his houses, a child would have lived; had the child not died, Bruno Tarantino would have continued to mind his own business and Mrs. Tarantino would have remained a recluse; Victor Peralta, on the Writers' Project, would have gone on ignoring people to study old houses and their legends and would not have written his first short story—about people.

Merlin does not approve of his sister, Leah, whose aimless life has finally found its purpose in the seaman, Joe. Joe has an idea that if the world's sewers are cleaned, people's souls will take care of themselves. Knowing nothing about him, except that he can teach her how to live, Leah searches for him.

Meanwhile Joe has been slugged by a cop for protesting against the Gestapo-like seizure of a Negro lad on the street. He has spent the night in jail, listening to the innocent boy being tortured until he confesses himself a thief. Joe has a

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great desire for the immortality of being remembered kindly by other people. Recalling Leah's laughter, he calls the Websters listed in the telephone directory.

The course of their search for one another is crossed, directly and indirectly, by others, each intently following his own path. Ronnie, the brother of the boy in jail, forced to renounce his seven-year-old dreams to the reality of life for a Negro. The truck driver, who left home at dawn with no intention of ever returning, and who swerves into several lives before going back to his family. Mr. Graber, who believes that he wrote *Mein Kampf;* the blind beggar and her son, to whom Merlin Webster inadvertently gave a ten-dollar bill; the Tuttles. . . .

Episodes, chance encounters, brief glimpses, as though seen from a window or from a moving bus, bound together by the bonds of humanity, sharpening the awareness of that current which overwhelms all obstacles and flows on and on into the future.

SLATEN BRAY.

Rewriting the Bible

DAVID THE KING, *by Gladys Schmitt. Dial. $3.*

FOR her second novel, Gladys Schmitt has tackled the Biblical story of David. It is a healthy assignment. Few Biblical episodes have given so many legends and symbols to posterity—the young hero facing Goliath, the madness of Saul, the love of David and Jonathan, the incestuous rape of Tamar, the revolt of Absalom, the illicit love for Bathsheba.

Not to measure the extent of her craft as a novelist but to clarify the esthetic problem involved in novelizing the Bible, let us consider Miss Schmitt's book together with the Biblical novels of Thomas Mann and Sholem Asch. None of these writers wishes to reproduce what actually happened. The important task for them is to bring out what is fresh to them in the old story, as a living insight into the processes of history and an allegory for our own times. And the effectiveness of any such lesson or allegory is in direct proportion to the ability of the writer to recreate credibly the human mind of ancient times.

Mann and Asch, by a great act of imagination, bridged the gap of time and culture, but Miss Schmitt falls down. The theme she expounds does violence both to the realities of ancient times and to the spirit of the Biblical story. Her sense of detail, her illustrative powers, her ability to create individual character are magnificent. But heavy sufferers in the story are the Hebrew people themselves.

Living in times of violent struggle for existence, with life held cheap and cruelty one of the conditions for survival, the Hebrew people had replaced idol worship, and the personification of natural forces, with a God-concept embodying a new social morality. In David's times, needs of defense had forced the Hebrews to change from a patriarchal republicanism to a monarchy, with the prophets exerting a moral and popular check upon the king. These were times of violence, but also of human progress.

Nothing of this appears in Miss Schmitt's story. The historical elements she has chosen to emphasize are the successive loves of David, leading up to his final resolution that only through the complete giving of oneself through love can one attain peace. The people are portrayed as a stupid, cruel and superstitious mob, a contrast to the finer sensitivity of David and to his search for regeneration through love. The prophets Samuel and Nathan are sorry conspirators. David himself is given a passage of wholly incredible atheism.

It is almost a law of literary history that a weakness of inner reality demands a compensating emphasis on superficial realisms. Not asking how people thought in those times, the author has taken great pains in presenting how they appeared, evoking the superficial sound and color of life as it was lived then, carrying atmosphere even to the point of giving her own expressive style a Biblical wording and cadence. Thus the story is superbly told, but remains a story out of context, too spiritually apart from Biblical times for credible commentary, too clouded with Biblical mystery and archaic color to carry through completely to our own times.

Not only is this book untrue to Biblical society, but considered in terms of the present day it raises serious questions. Its Jewish people are dangerously close to the kind conjured up by the anti-Semites. They are cruel, selfish, ungrateful, barbarians compared to the culture-loving Philistines, idealistic only when, as David, they have reached their impotent old age. At a time when the Jewish people are fighting for life against a still active if wounded fascism, I find the appearance of such a book, and its mass distribution by the Literary Guild, more than a little disturbing.

S. FINKELSTEIN.

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By OLIVE HAMLIN

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"Quaint" Kentuckians

FORETASTE OF GLORY, *by Jesse Stuart. Dutton. $2.50.*

IN THE mid-thirties, before the outline of the New Deal had fully emerged, there was suddenly a burst of regional writing. It seemed as though authors, seeking for something to believe in, had turned to the American earth and the folkways of the American people as a rock and a hope in the chaos of the depression. From the farmers of Gladys Hasty Carroll's Maine to the paisanos of Steinbeck's California, the people of America's varied sections paraded before the reading public. And with them came Jesse Stuart's Kentucky backwoodsmen, first in the sonnet sequence *The Man With the Bull-Tongue Plow* and a few years later in *The Head O' W-Hollow.*

Mr. Stuart in his early works endowed his people with vitality and cussedness. They were warm in their relations with each other, with a strong—if inarticulate—attachment to their land and its sights and sounds and smells. They were plausible descendants of "the hunters of Kentucky." But in *Foretaste of Glory* either Mr. Stuart's talent or the Kentuckians' vitality has petered out.

The book is laid in Blakesburg, a small town built around its courthouse square, the county seat of the Blake County in whose rural reaches live the gusty Powderjays and Tussies of Stuart's earlier work. One night in the fall of 1941 (safely pre-Pearl Harbor), the aurora borealis was visible that far south for the first time anyone could remember. Everyone decided the light meant the end of the world and either frenziedly did what he had been doing all along or equally frenzied back-tracked.

Treating a group of people in the grip of an overwhelming emotion is not in itself reprehensible. But an author's invention of a group of characters solely to exploit them for their limitations and "quaintness" approaches literary turpitude. And Mr. Stuart presents the people of Blakesburg only as unintelligent yokels and drunkards, immature emotionally, and hysterically in the grip of revivalist "religion." They are judges who pass out political favors while leaning on a pigpen. They are smalltime adulterers who pack up and go home. They are competitive undertakers who race for bodies. They are brothers with a causeless feud who seek reconciliation. They are village misers who dash around—in the face of eternity—collecting their money. The few people not prey to panic are so old or so drunk they don't care anyway. Even the Negro community, in the one time it is mentioned out of thirty-six case histories, merely cracks itself up in a number of automobiles. Blakesburgers are either decaying First Families or financially rising Red Necks (mountaineers), both equally risible to Mr. Stuart.

The author may intend his Blakesburg to be funny; I could not find it so and furthermore cannot believe it exists. It is incredible that no one in the town loves anyone else, that no one takes pride in his work, that no one (by this record) goes to the movies or listens to the radio, that a year after the beginning of the draft no one thinks beyond the nearest hills. I prefer to believe, with Galileo, that nevertheless the earth does move—and can carry with it even an American small town.

SALLY ALFORD.

Builder of America

WILLIAM SYLVIS, *Pioneer of American Labor, by Jonathan Grossman. Columbia University Press. $3.50.*

SYLVIS was an American workingman, a molder, who lived only forty-two years (dying in 1869). He devoted every moment of his tragically short career to the decisive task of modern history—the formation of a militant, monolithic proletariat.

The preamble of the constitution of his first union, that of the molders of Philadelphia, stated in 1855: "In the present organization of society, laborers single-handed are powerless . . . but combined there is no power of wrong they may not openly defy." Sylvis lived in this belief. He was a most effective organizer of local unions, and created and led for a decade the International Molders Union. In the latter activity he not only succeeded in improving working conditions, raising wages and lowering hours, but he also hammered out, through experience, basic precedents for such problems as national vs. local autonomy, discipline, conventions, strike relief, record-keeping and reporting, "wild-cat" strikes, a revenue system, and a labor press.

In his quest for a workers' victory in the class struggle (the existence of which he clearly recognized), Sylvis entered, for a time, into the cooperative movement, then advocated political action by labor, and finally helped found the National Labor Union immediately after the Civil War. To the latter he devoted all his energies until his death, and into it he attempted to bring (with

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considerable success, for that period), all workers, skilled and unskilled, men and women, Negro and white. Moreover, in his last months, Sylvis was thinking in terms of world working-class unity, and corresponded with Marx. His National Labor Union sent a delegate, Andrew C. Cameron, to the 1869 convention of the First International.

And when Sylvis passed away he owned less than one hundred dollars, and his fellow workers had to bear the expenses of his funeral and donate money to keep his wife and four children alive. The man lived, fought, and died for the people and was, in truth, as Grossman states, a pioneer. And so, too, is this book's author a pioneer for piecing together the fruitful story from scarce, and long-unused newspapers, books, records and union minutes.

Let this book be followed by others, of equal craftsmanship, on such figures as Ira Steward, Jonathan Fincher and Richard Trevellick — all great labor leaders of the nineteenth century—and we will be the stronger for them, as we are now for Grossman's study.

HERBERT APTHEKER.

Brief Reviews

STARTING FROM SCRATCH, *by Peggy Bacon. Julian Messner. $3.*

SIDESHOW, *by Gardner Rea. McBride. $2.*

WATER ON THE BRAIN, *by Virgil Partch. McBride. $2.*

WEBSTER, UNABRIDGED. *McBride. $2.*

OF THESE four picture books Peggy Bacon's on cats is likeliest to be around some years from now, providing it is not disassembled from its over-convenient looseleaf binding, for framing of its picture pages by cat and art lovers. Of the rest Gardner Rea's humor has by far the most penetrating point, and Virgil Partch's, in a quite perfect blending of gag and drawing, is the maddest. Webster's cartoons, perhaps, have been too much with us; somehow second reading of them, and a bookful, is too much.

STATISTICAL YEARBOOK OF THE LEAGUE OF NATIONS, 1942-44. *Columbia University Press. $3.50.*

LONG delayed, this seventeenth issue of the League yearbook is crammed as usual with useful figures. Some of the material is, of course, open to question. Governments during the war period published little, if any, of certain statistical material and not infrequently loaded it for one purpose or another. But for general currents in such matters as public debt, employment, birth rates, trade and gold reserves, the volume is a handy reference. Let's hope that the UNO does an even better job, taking the best of the League studies and adding to them greater thoroughness and more critical evaluation.

Worth Noting

JOANNA ROOS has won the 1945 Olga Shapiro Award for $500 for her play, *Reveille.* The award was presented by John Howard Gassner. Several of the scripts submitted for the contest are now in production. They are Maxine Wood's *On Whitman Avenue,* Henrietta Buckmaster's and Peter Stephen's *The Word Was Peace,* Harry Granick's *Reveille Is Always,* and Doris Sorell's *Flames That Were Lydia.* Theodore Ward's *Ouah Land,* also a contest play, won the only Theater Guild Award given to a civilian last year. The sponsors are continuing the award for 1946.

NINE HUNDRED Soviet writers were in the ranks of the Red Army and Navy. Of these, about half volunteered at the very outbreak of the war, and nearly 400 worked on the staffs of army and navy papers. More than 350 were decorated by the government for their participation in actual fighting. Two writers received the highest award for personal bravery, Hero of the Soviet Union. These were Sergei Borzenko, who made the initial landing on the Kerch peninsula, and Malik Gabullin, a Kazakh, who displayed the greatest heroism in the fighting at Kalinin.

THE anthology *Answer from the West,* edited by Frank Volney and Esther Fremont, is in the market for poetry, drama, stories, novel excerpts, and radio, stage and motion picture scripts of a progressive character. It appeals especially for contributions from young and unknown Negro writers. The closing date for acceptance of manuscripts is June 30, 1946. Send manuscripts to Great Concord Publishers, P. O. Box 1001, Grand Central Annex, New York City.

IN ACCORDANCE with the wish expressed by the noted young poet, Alexander Bergman, shortly before his untimely death, part of the royalties from his posthumous volume of poems, *They Look Like Men,* have been contributed to NEW MASSES, where he found a literary home, to carry on its cultural work.

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SIGHTS and SOUNDS

I'LL TAKE CHOCOLATE

By JOSEPH FOSTER

HOLLYWOOD's heavy brass is obviously annoyed with the growing demand that movies should occupy themselves with adult concerns. Fearful, too, that such unreasoning agitation may some day make real trouble for them, they shout that the main job of the movies is to entertain and only to entertain. And no rebuttal from Jack Warner, Darryl Zanuck or others who occasionally shaped their lips to form the words *social realism.*

Webster's *New International* gives many definitions for the word entertainment, including to bear and to endure, but the explanation which says that to entertain is "to divert, to amuse with that which makes the time pass pleasantly," is clearly what the picture makers have in mind. Thus they want you to consider them a class of fine fellows with nothing more in mind than to rout your moments of boredom (see *Getting Gertie's Garter* and *Tarzan and the Leopard Woman,* etc.). Actually, of course, they are talking out of the side of their mouths. Behind these pious protests, they have an altogether different purpose in mind. It is hardly the act of a pioneer thinker to point out that the movies, as one of the most important propaganda organs of monopoly capital, want no tampering with the *status quo,* and regard all story efforts that might upset things with unmistakable enmity. They go to great lengths, historically and morally, to prove the idiocy of the notion that life in 1946, or in 1895, or in 1922, or at any other time under the magnificent management of the bourgeoisie, could ever be improved upon. If history indicates otherwise, history is cheerfully altered.

How well this has been done is amply demonstrated by a whole string of films from *The Birth of a Nation* to *Gone With the Wind.* To call John Brown a louse or Calhoun a hero is routine film historiography. Even in relatively innocuous films such as *Meet Me in St. Louis, Harvest Moon, Our Hearts Were Young and Gay, The Harvey Girls,* etc., etc., the past, never troubled by struggle, unrest, poverty, unemployment, disease, is one of nostalgia and sweet sentimentality. Like the present, it is a dream-boat that always reaches port.

As for the typical "problem" films, they argue for the virtues of modern life as defined under the ten commandments, as though anybody still opposed them. They plead earnestly for stable social institutions, for firm domestic life; the factors that bring about domestic upheavals or public dissatisfactions are calmly disregarded. In the days of the Great Optimism, when the Browder lamb was contentedly consorting with the Morgan lion, there was prevalent the rosy illusion that such attitudes were being replaced by more honest ones. Ringing speeches by some Hollywood producers, and many anti-Nazi war films, nurtured such hopes. The bubble has since been rudely punctured, and the patterns Hollywood means to follow are clearly indicated in the recent film crop.

TAKE three Warner films, latest output of that "social-minded" studio: *Too Young to Know, My Reputation,* and the current *Three Strangers.* The first maintains that marriage is a job for adults, *My Reputation* asks you to respect the sanctity of marriage and warns that if you flout the conventions you will get into trouble. *Three Strangers* is a melodrama, preaching that all sinners come to a dreary end and virtue alone is triumphant. All you need have is energy and application, and love and riches will come your way. Behave yourself and all the psychoanalysts and pawnbrokers will go out of business. Sometimes wealth will pass you by, but never love. Do not murder your friends, or embezzle your employer's funds, or steal your neighbor's wife and life will be a veritable Eden.

Occasionally, as in the case of all Edens, a serpent sneaks in; but before many reels are unwound, tranquillity is restored. Such ointment-spoilers are the object of concern in *Guest in the House* and *Leave Her to Heaven.* At times, the serpent is *within* the man of virtue. In *Three Strangers,* our man of gold concludes that his trouble lies within himself and not in the world as he had at first imagined.

Because of Him reiterates the pleasant theory that this is a lovely world where nobody need starve or be frustrated. A waitress decides to become a great actress, and before you can say Sarah Bernhardt she is playing opposite the country's leading actor. *At Suzy Slagel's* is another fairy tale about medical students in which nobody flunks. Due to clean living, love and virtuous surroundings, all problems are solved. The hero, who is a coward in the presence of death, or the dying, looks his fear straight in the eye in time to get his diploma. One of the boys dies of diphtheria, but this is no lifting of the veil to permit a peek at reality. This death is invented only to provide a tough moment for the hero.

Name me another country, say these films, where success is so imminent and so universal. Where but under our beautiful capitalist economy are all things possible, all difficulties so unfailingly overcome? Nobody flunks. Every office boy gets to be the boss, *unless* he steals the petty cash. Anybody who disagrees with this outlook, who is inconveniently smelling out rotten fish, is a trouble-maker and to hell with him.

When the censors banned *Scarlet Street,* they pulled the worst boner of the decade. Far from being a threat to the morals of the comunity, it is actually a powerful champion of legality and respectability. If you have any intentions of being a shake-down artist, of committing murder, of taking up with a tart, of living off a woman, of infidelity (no matter how disagreeable your wife), of embezzling bank funds, or double-dealing, *Scarlet Street* will soon rid you of such itches. All such examples of malingering are included and the wages thereof are death or endless misery. Besides unsavory practitioners of the shady life, the characters include a middle-aged respectable citizen who goes wrong. This betrayed, misled family man ends by wandering the dark streets, unloved and alone, slowly being consumed by a fourteen-carat conscience.

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The return of Clark Gable was announced by a great blowing of trumpets. Playing—in his characteristic manner—the rolling stone, the untrammelled man of independence, the lover of adventure, the philosopher of rapturous living, he runs afoul of a gal who wants a home, a baby, a permanent marriage, etc. To show how even the most undisciplined must succumb, the film spends most of its time having Gable thresh against his fate, and after an hour and a half of senseless dialogue, doubletalk meant to represent sound philosophical thinking, he exchanges his wandering for a place on the hearth.

This preoccupation with straw men is of course no accident. As I mentioned before, nobody contests the values of fidelity or of stable marriages. No one argues for thievery, murder or arson. The fact is that by repeating these cliches over and over again the movies hope to create the impression that a violation or an observance of proper morals is the sole problem. At least they hope to block curiosity as to what causes moral defection. They fear, as do the masters of other propaganda media, that such curiosity might uncover fundamental evils in our social and economic structure.

We cannot expect from our moviemakers any voluntary change in this pattern. Since the filmic design is deliberate, and since this cry of entertainment is something they expect you to fall in with without thinking, it is obvious that they will not countenance any real inquiry into the social forces and motivations of our time. That Hollywood can be forced, to a degree, into making more honest films is a possibility that can be realized by the independent production of documentaries, by a distribution of 16-mm films through unions and other groups, by a consistent fight on the part of Hollywood craft unions, by educational discussions through media published by such groups, by the building of audience groups that can exert pressure for better films, etc.

A full discussion of this problem will appear in a later issue.

On Broadway

It is unfortunate that *Jeb*, Robert Ardrey's new play, was allowed to close so soon. It is really the first, the very first drama to place the terribly complex Negro problem into its proper context. Wherever people, whether a race or a religious group, have been persecuted, neurotic reactions arise on both sides, and no direct and clear-cut solution seems possible. *Strange Fruit* as a play overstressed the psychological impasse to which the whites have brought themselves, while *Deep Are the Roots* congealed this impasse into a tight

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See Between Ourselves column

dramatic situation which was resolved by an act of sheer will.

The basic present-day *cause* of the impasse, however, remained for *Jeb* to reveal. Race problems are, after all, economic problems first. In *Jeb* we meet a Negro war hero who returns to Louisiana, Army-trained to run an adding machine, something he could never have been allowed to learn at home. He wants deeply to fill an opening as adding-machine operator in a local mill, but the job is a white man's job. The mill manager is humane enough and patriotic enough to extend himself that *Jeb* may have the job. But he runs into the white supremacy madness in the shape of, first, the local banker, who owns the mill, and then the "trash" whose fear of Negro competition is inflamed by the old drunk who would be retired from the job Jeb wants.

In a wonderfully symbolic scene, Jeb is pursued to the back door of a church. From within we hear the name of Jesus being sung, while just outside the door a human being is being wracked. So strong is the superficial promise of the church and its music that in his moment of extremity Jeb walks into the church to speak the truth to the whites within. But he is thrown out into the arms of the mob. Beaten, he goes North and in the end resolves that he must return home and press his faith in white men until the truth is known to them and peace is built in his homeland.

There is no doubt that *Jeb*, as it stands, is a strong thrust toward a public consciousness of the causes of our most dynamite-laden problem. But it will not be the last play to deal with the subject, and while its contribution toward clarity is immense, criticism of its few but important shortcomings must serve to improve the quality of what is sure to follow.

Jeb is shown, in the first place, with a faith in the possibility of happiness in the South hard to imagine in a Negro who lived his life down there before the war. The playwright seems to have confused Jeb's determination to get the good job and to live decently with a lapse in Jeb's memory of all the obstacles in that path. This seeming naivete too often breaks down the validity of scenes that are otherwise plotted and written with sharp dramatic ingenuity.

The same kind of inconsistency of consciousness crops up in the character of the liberal mill manager. In the last scene of the first act he confronts his boss, the banker, with his demand that Jeb as a war hero be given the retiring white man's job. The banker appropriately reacts as though a bomb were dropped into his lap, but in the mill manager's lines there seems to be a curious air of disconnection; it is as though he did not know from the beginning precisely what the banker's reply would be. Of course he would know, and so thoroughly as to prepare an argument that *began* with the assumption of the banker's refusal, instead of ending there.

Nevertheless, the whole play is superior dramatic entertainment. That this can be said is due to an elemental force inherent in the situation itself, a force often mitigated but not destroyed by a want of narrative surprise. The scene in which Jeb and his girl steal into the timekeeper's shack so that he can affirm to himself and to her that he can still operate the adding machine is a thrilling and utterly demonstrative way of expressing the Negro's innermost urge to prove himself, to establish his intelligence and dignity. It is also immaculate proof of his human identity, so strangely and yet so aptly developed in this simple action, which, insanely enough, he can only perform under cover of night and at grave peril to his very life. MATT WAYNE.

Stage for Action

AMONG Stage for Action's offerings previewed by members of the press and trade union leaders, the picket-line songs by Lee Hays and Peter Seeger were particularly good. They sounded as spontaneous and packed as much wallop for the preview audience as they did to the strikers on the line. The more ambitious parts of the program were a play by Jean Karsavina on the theme of the returning soldier, and a pocket musical entitled *Jo McGinnical II* by Lester Pine and Anita Short.

Miss Karsavina's play, *A Hero Comes Home*, shows to the returning soldier that the fight must go on since anti-Semitism preserves a core of Nazism at home. Though somewhat talky, the earnestness of the play puts its point over. Miss Karsavina's play was commissioned by the Anti-Defamation League. This fact should be noted. One of the most important functions of Stage for Action is its production of dramatic material for progressive organizations. The pocket musical, *Jo McGinnical II*, has catchy lyrics, is presented with vigor, and is well-staged despite lack of props. Its theme is the danger of public apathy as represented by a citizen who sleeps between elections. JANE LAWSON.

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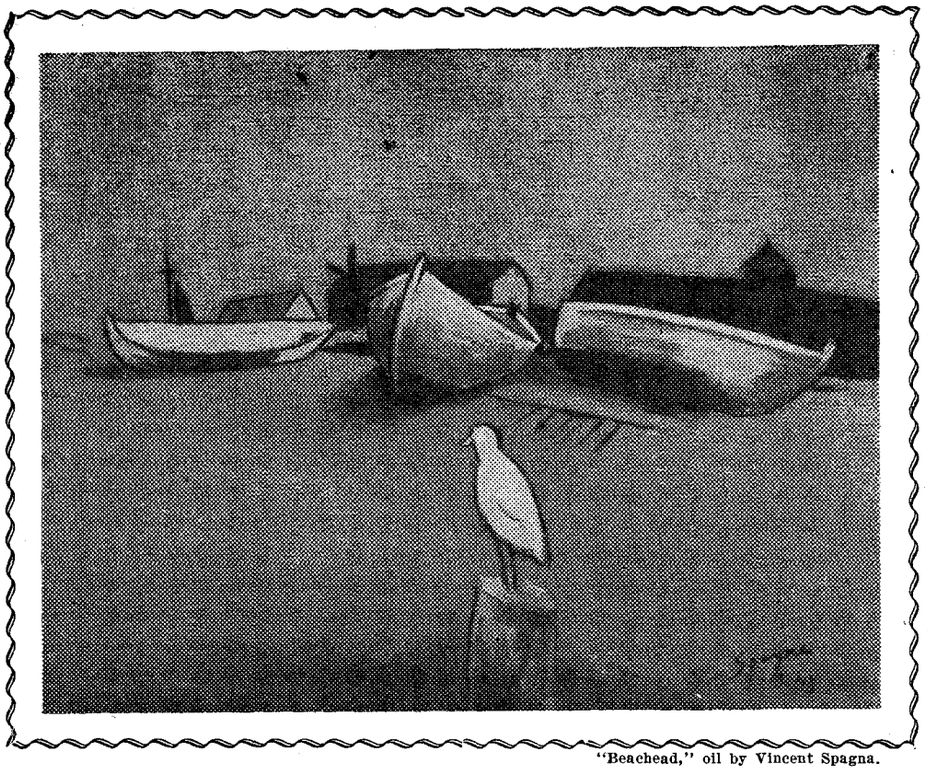

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